PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

AUG 1 . 1932

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. IV. No. 76 (New Series) SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1932 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 145
THE JUNKERS IN THE SADDLE 148
THE END OF THE "LABOUR ALLIANCE" . . 149
A LONDON DIARY 149
THE JUBILEE OF JEWISH COLONISATION IN PALESTINE. By Norman Bentwich . . 150
A GREAT PITY. By Y. Y. 151
CORRESPONDENCE 152
From A. C. Dobbs; Elizabeth Wiskemann; Archdeacon Owen; M. C. Scarth; "Without Comment"; G. B. Grundy; E. G. S.; Alys Russell.
G. B. S. AS MUSIC CRITIC. By W. J. Turner . 154
THE EVANGELIST. By T. W. Earp 156
THINGS TO SEE AND HEAR 156
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Harold Nicolson . *Page* 157
REVIEWS:
"The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring." By Edward Gordon Craig 158
God, Man, and Bolshevism 158
About Books. By R. Ellis Roberts . . . 159
Decline and Fall. By Herbert Agar . . . 160
The Corpse of Ferney 161
After Ruskin 161
The First Earl Stanhope 162
Spanish Monarchy. By V. S. Pritchett . . 163
SHORTER NOTICES 163
ABOUT MOTORING 164
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 166

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The Postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

THE German elections have, as was generally expected, left the Government masters of the situation. How they will use their power, what relief they will give, or what fetters they will bind on their subjects, are questions which nobody can yet answer; we discuss the chances in our leading article. But the immediate problem is one of policing the country. Terrorism is rampant; the foulest outrages on persons and property are being committed up and down the country. And it is abundantly clear that the Nazis are the chief, if not the only, criminals. They claim, in their press and on the platform, that they are simply defending themselves and the nation against "Marxist" assassins and conspirators. But this pretence has been thoroughly exposed, and the authorities, from the Chancellor downwards, know that it is not the Communists, but the Hitlerite ruffians, who are the aggressors. They have declared that they mean to deal out even-handed justice; but by their action so far they have done little to redeem their pledge. If they do not put their foot down quickly and heavily there is grave danger ahead.

* * *

The Ottawa Conference seems to have made little progress during the past week. It is still waiting for Mr. Bennett to explain exactly what concessions he is prepared to offer to the British Delegation in return for the very large demands which he and the other Dominion representatives have thrown at their heads. We are apparently to be asked for preferential tariffs or quota arrangements on meat, dairy produce, and a dozen other vital commodities, even perhaps including wheat, despite the objections of the Western grain-growers; and it is still uncertain what we are to be offered in return. Evidently, Mr. Bennett is having difficulties with the Canadian manufacturers, whom he can afford less than ever to offend now that a formidable revolt has developed against him in the West. The textile interests in Canada appear still to be putting up a resistance to any effective preferences for British textiles; and, while the steel interests seem to be more concurring, they are out for compensations in the form of higher duties on United States steel. Until Mr. Bennett does produce his concrete proposals, the Conference cannot get on, though, of course, a number of the Committees are still at work on details. Even when he does produce them, it is hard to imagine that he can possibly compose any offer at all equivalent to the concessions for which he and the other Dominions are asking. There are rumours of disagreement within the British delegation, and of agitated references to the Cabinet over here.

* * *

Currency, as well as trade, is under discussion at Ottawa. But the persons who were full, a few months ago, of grandiose schemes for an Empire currency and an Empire Central Bank seem to have retired into the background, and nothing much seems likely to emerge

from the negotiations. It was, indeed, clear from the start that the idea of a common Empire currency was an absurdity, with South Africa utterly unwilling to cut adrift from the gold standard, and Canada far too closely linked up with the United States to risk a heavy increase in her debt burdens which have to be met in United States dollars. Nor do the advocates of an Empire Central Bank appear even to have thought out its implications. In face of the difficult economic situations of the various Empire countries, such an institution would have worked out as something far more like a dog fight than a happy marriage of Empire financial interests. With these two projects dismissed, there is not a great deal left for the Currency Committee at Ottawa to do. It may bless our Exchange Equalisation Fund, and adjure us to keep the pound as stable as we can. But, beyond that, it has only dangers—above all the danger that the British delegation may be led to commit itself about future policy in the matter of currency, when it is vital for us, in view of the coming World Economic Conference and the uncertainty of the general outlook, to keep our hands free for whatever policy may in the event turn out to be best.

* * *

The old war is flaming up again, as we write, in the Far East, where the Japanese are heavily engaged with the Chinese forces in Manchuria. And at any moment there may be a new war in South America. The dispute between Paraguay and Bolivia has dragged on for years. Hostilities were only prevented in 1928 by the good offices of the League, the Pope, and other American States. Since then there have been almost continuous negotiations at Washington, at Geneva, and elsewhere. The bone of contention is a piece of territory known as the Gran Chaco, lying in the middle of the continent between the two Republics. It has valuable forests, but for the rest it is jungle and swamp, with savage inhabitants, noxious fauna, and a foul climate. What the Bolivians really want it for, however, is that it would give them a good deep water port on the River Paraguay, with direct access to the River Plate and the Atlantic. Both sides are fiercely asserting their rights, and both are resisting outside conciliation and pressure by every known device. Paraguay has now ordered mobilisation of its army and gunboats. But there are still hopes of an eleventh-hour settlement.

* * *

Slanging the League of Nations is an old pastime with the Italian Fascists. It has had its uses for Signor Mussolini at home, and it has not been taken too seriously abroad. But General Balbo, the Italian Minister of Air, has just made an attack on Geneva—or, to be more exact, on the conduct of Great Britain, France, and the United States at Geneva—which seems to be more significant for the world at large. He accuses the three of us of conspiring together to serve our own interests at the expense of other people's, to maintain, rather than reduce, armaments, and to keep control of the machinery of the Conference in our own hands. There is exaggeration in his argument, but there is also a deal of nasty truth. General Balbo voices the feelings of Germany and Russia as well as Italy, and a considerable handful of the lesser Powers. None of them may be perfectly disinterested in its demand for bolder measures of disarmament; but the fact remains that all have pressed for them consistently and with every sign of sincerity. The other great Powers (with the exception of Japan, who has scarcely troubled to mask her views) have blown hot and cold—hot on trifles we could dispense with, cold on "sacrifices" we do not desire to make. It is not enough for Sir John Simon and his colleagues to deny the charge which not merely a disgruntled Italian, but half mankind, is making against them. They ought to disprove it by their policy when the Disarmament Conference resumes.

* * *

The bonus period for conversion of the Five per Cent. War Loan is over; and, although no figures have yet been published showing the amount converted, as distinct from the number of applications, it is clear that the operation has been carried through with remarkable success up to the present. What has still to be seen is how far people have been persuaded to convert, or to purchase for conversion, stock which they do not intend to hold. If this has happened to any considerable extent there may be a good deal of selling before the new stock settles down to a stable market value. It should not, however, depreciate seriously, if at all, when once the initial oscillations are over, unless there is a radical change in the world outlook. For money rates, in sympathy with the expectation of profits on investments in ordinary shares, are likely to remain low for some time; and there is much to be said for the view that the world as a whole had better acclimatise itself to lower long-term rates of interest. Indeed, unless it does it is hard to see how the investment market can be expected to recover, even if the commercial outlook becomes more favourable. High interest rates have been an important exaggerating factor in the economic troubles of recent years, and the getting out of the way of £2,000,000,000 of Five per Cent. War Loan is of great value not only for the Budget saving which it directly secures, but also as a means of lowering interest expectations in the minds of investors throughout the world.

* * *

The European wave of economic nationalism is at last subsiding a little; for statesmen are beginning to find out that they cannot prohibit imports without adverse reactions upon exports, and that restrictions imposed in the alleged interests of the balance of trade are two-edged weapons. In particular, M. Herriot's Government in France is doing something to modify the protectionism *à outrance* of its predecessors. Some time ago a number of the most vexatious restrictions on imports from Great Britain were relaxed, and now the French have reached agreements with Italy, Belgium and Spain for mutual concessions in respect of import quotas and prohibitions. Plenty of restrictions remain in being, and France has by no means abandoned her system of quotas and prohibitions. But she has at least begun to relax its severity. Doubtless the fact that the cost of living in France has been rising steadily, despite the falling level of gold prices and the maintenance of the gold standard, has been an important influence in leading M. Herriot and his colleagues to their change of policy. In itself, the change is not yet decisive; but it does make the outlook for the

coming world Economic Conference less black than it appeared a month or two ago.

* * *

The building industry, with about 330,000 unemployed to consider, set up some time ago a representative committee of all sections—employers, operatives, architects and suppliers—to consider means of increasing the volume of employment. But at the same time the Government set up its special committee to devise means of making further economies in public expenditure. So, while the builders have been trying to plan for an expansion of output, the Government and the local authorities have been arranging measures which are bound to result in a further decrease in building activity. There is talk of heavily reducing, or even abolishing altogether, the housing subsidies under the Act of 1924, and shutting down all fresh State-aided housing schemes for the duration of the "crisis"—whatever that may be. Meanwhile, the building industry is endeavouring to persuade business firms that now is the time to undertake extensive building operations, because costs and prices have fallen to an absolute minimum and are far more likely to increase than to decline any further. So the State, with 330,000 builders out of work, is to shut down building just when it can be done on the cheapest terms. And it is being called upon to do this thing in the sacred name of "economy."

* * *

It is with deep regret that we record the death of G. Lowes Dickinson. Many generations of Cambridge men had known him (he was a Fellow of King's for forty-five years), had loved him, and been inspired by him. A wider public knew him by his books, his journalistic articles, and his broadcasting. Amongst the works which have delighted and instructed a host of readers we should give pride of place to *The Meaning of Good, Justice and Liberty, A Modern Symposium* and *The Greek View of Life*. Lowes Dickinson was a classical scholar whose interest went deeper than Greek texts; he had caught the best spirit of ancient Hellas and applied it in his life and thought to his own age. As a political scientist he stood high among his contemporaries, and his writings, his lectures and his intimate talk mirrored the qualities of his mind—clarity and ardour, tolerance, a passion for liberty, for justice and for beauty. He hated the war, and during it and after it he was an apostle of peace and internationalism. He was always a Socialist as well as a liberal, and though he never went into the hurly-burly of politics, he was a supporter of the Labour Party.

* * *

The more depressed the circumstances of the Liberal Party the more enthusiastic and vigorous the Liberal Summer School seems to be. This year's School, at Oxford, has, by general consent, been the most successful so far held. From the point of view of a wider public, its outstanding feature was an outspoken address by Mr. H. G. Wells; but Mr. Wells's plea for "Liberal Fascism" evoked little positive response. He was merciless, and some would say malicious, in his comments on the Labour Party and its leaders and ex-leaders. He criticised most of our hallowed institutions from the Monarchy to the banks. But his proposals for reform were too revolutionary, too Utopian, for his hearers. Sir Walter Layton and Sir Arthur Salter, in two impressive addresses, reviewed the international situation, and Sir Frederick Whyte summed up the position in the Far East with a clarity that could not have been surpassed. Politics, as distinct from policy, were hardly approached until the last day, when five of the seven authors of *Whither Britain? a Radical Answer* appeared on the platform to defend their "forward-looking" programme. The response left no doubt that the School is overwhelmingly radical in its sympathies, and that it resents the continued presence of Liberal leaders in the Government; to Mr. Hubert Phillips' denunciation of their position—"They have nothing to lose but their chains"—not a solitary voice was raised in protest.

* * *

The "silly season" has started off with two promising topics. That pugnacious libertarian, Mr. A. P. Herbert, leads an attack in the *Times* on the prudish borough councillors who compel bathers at the seaside to clothe themselves in what (heaven knows why!) are called "university costumes." Would it really shock ladies to see a "manly chest" on the beach or even in the Serpentine? Or are the Puritans solicitous, like the late Lord Brentford, for the children's morals? One line of defence is that "our borough councillors" are not the only prudes: there are similar regulations in many Continental countries—in most, perhaps, save Germany, the nudists' paradise. But that argument proves nothing except that there are more silly people in the world than Mr. Herbert suggested. One correspondent in the *Times* takes exception to the "slip" on æsthetic grounds. Think, he says, not only of the "manly chests," but of some of the waists below them —"large balloon-like formations, which dot the *plage* like hay-cocks in a newly cut meadow." True, alas! But do they subside when enclosed in a skin-tight covering of black or white or pink-striped wool? Mr. Herbert will have a long fight, we fear, against Mrs. Grundy and Dogberry.

* * *

The other topic is the modern boy. This creature, so the headmaster of one of our public schools has proclaimed, is a poor specimen compared with the boy of a generation ago. He lies, he thieves, he funks, he slacks. You cannot even get him to watch a cricket match; it is too boring. Yet everyone but the schoolmasters knows (and they know it too) that boys in the past were bored to tears by watching cricket. And they know (and will perhaps admit it some years hence) that boys are also bored by the O.T.C. to-day. As for the lament that Jones major cannot saddle a horse, is it any more surprising, or more disgraceful, than that his father was not taught to dance the minuet? And what is there novel in Smith minor liking to go as fast as possible in a motor car? Was Smith *père* in his youth averse from scorching on his push-bike? We frankly do not believe in this tale of degenerate youth —sneaking, lazy, neurotic boys and bumptious cock-tail drinking girls. It is a hoary theme; moralists have been at it since Aristophanes, and we daresay they were at it in the neolithic age.

THE JUNKERS IN THE SADDLE

NOTHING has been settled by the German elections except that for the present—which means as far ahead as anyone can see—the rule of the Junkers will go on. The Government had calculated, and calculated rightly, that none of the contending parties would get a clear majority. The Nazis alone had a chance, but for all their pretended confidence it was a slim one. Actually, though they have more than doubled their membership in the Reichstag, they polled less than 40 per cent. of the total votes cast. The Communists gained eleven seats—a substantial advance for a party that numbered seventy-eight in the last House. The Nationalists and the Socialists each lost a few seats, the Centre won a few. The various other parties in the Middle are practically wiped out. From the point of view of parliamentary government, therefore, there is deadlock—and a deadlock from which no practicable coalition offers an issue.

That prospect, of course, does not worry Herr von Papen and his colleagues. It is, indeed, precisely what they wanted and what they have played for. The way is clear (as far as anything can be clear in the bear garden that is Germany to-day) for their dictatorship. It will very likely be a dictatorship veiled in some rags of constitutionalism; it may demean itself to perfunctory consultations of the Reichstag; and it will probably find occasion to temper the wind to the shorn lamb—and still more to the shorn wolf. The Nazis are disappointed with a victory that, judged by their hopes and their boasts, is in effect a defeat. Yet it would be absurd to suppose that the Nazis are done with, and we do not suppose that Herr von Papen and his friends are under any such illusion. They may not be afraid of Hitlerism, but they will be prudent in their handling of it. The most obvious line of prudence is to offer two or three Ministerial posts to the Nazis. Whether the Nazis will consent to give hostages in that way remains to be seen. They are on the horns of a dilemma. By going into the Government they have their teeth drawn; by refusing to go in and continuing their violent agitation, they court repression by General von Schleicher. They have been allowed on the morrow of the poll to indulge themselves in some dastardly outrages. But it is quite obviously neither the interest nor the intention of the Government to sanction the spread of murder, arson and pillage.

And so we shall expect Herr Hitler and his friends to make a virtue of necessity, and content themselves with the crumbs of office in place of the whole loaf that they aspired to. Whether this will lead to the disintegration of their movement, time will show. They are not a homogeneous body. They have a Left wing and a Right wing, and a mass of adherents, fed on Hitler's rhetoric, who are, so to speak, nothing at all. Some have found comfort in the baiting of "Marxists" and Jews; some have looked for salvation in the projects which pass for the Nazis' constructive programme—a system of unemployment relief through compulsory labour, the abandonment of the gold standard, and the ideal of "autarchy" or economic self-sufficiency. We do not know exactly what influence they are likely to exercise on the Papen Government in all these matters, but from present indications we should say it will be small. The Chancellor has already declared that he has no idea of proscribing the Communist Party, and that the autarchy clamoured for by the Nazis is a policy not merely of despair but of disaster.

What then, assuming that the Nazis are domesticated, is the outlook for Germany under its present masters? They have no clear-cut programme as yet. But they are reactionaries, and presumably they will in general be true to type. They have the power to maintain order, or at least greatly to reduce the disorder that has prevailed hitherto, and there is no reason why they should not do so; it will pay them. It will doubtless be a surface order, for the feuds and hatreds in the body politic of Germany are too strong and too deep to be healed by the policeman and the magistrate. But it will be something to have rid the towns of the atmosphere of an American gangster film. Beyond this, there are constitutional changes in contemplation. The restoration of the monarchy is apparently not one of these, but the re-establishment of a second chamber is. That may be, and naturally is intended to be, a formidable check on democratic government, if and when the Reichstag becomes operative again. On the other hand, no harm will come to democracy from an amendment of the present electoral system. It is a grotesque form of Proportional Representation, and we cannot believe that any but the most fanatical pedants will shed a tear over its disappearance.

And what of economic discontents? Have the Junkers any remedy to propose for these? Nothing has been divulged so far, except that there are plans (if plans is not too strong a word) of "social reconstruction," and that this will be based in general on the maintenance of, or the reversion to, private enterprise. Whether the big industrials are to be humbled and the small men to be exalted, as the Nazis have insisted they should be; what relief, if any, is to be given to the lower salaried and professional classes; whether the burden of the taxes is to be reduced or redistributed; how business is to be revived or work found for the unemployed—to none of these questions do we know the answer, and we do not suppose that the Government knows the answer. Of only one thing we may be pretty sure, which is that Herr von Papen and his colleagues are not aiming at making a paradise for the working class.

There remains the international aspect. Here the Government has shown its mind, and a mischievous mind it is. The German militarists have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. They still believe in force, and in the restoration of Germany's position by force, as General von Schleicher announced in so many words the other day. He could plead in excuse the failure of the Versailles Powers to redeem their pledges, the hopelessness of Geneva, the intransigence of France. But the French intransigence was showing signs of weakening and Geneva was not quite hopeless. It is he and the fear of him and his like that have hardened the heart of Paris, and reduced such chances

as we had of disarmament. The fear may be exaggerated, as French sentiments about Germany constantly are. But its effects cannot be ignored, and no one who wants reconciliation and peace in Europe can be happy with the Junkers in the saddle in Berlin.

THE END OF THE "LABOUR ALLIANCE"

MR. MAXTON has got his way; and the Independent Labour Party has officially seceded from the larger Labour Party which it helped to create. Keir Hardie's dream of the "Labour Alliance," of a Labour Party based on a fusion of forces between the Socialists and the Trade Unions, with the Trade Unions paying the piper and the Socialists calling the tune, came true in 1900, when the Labour Representation Committee made its first appeal to the electorate. Since then the I.L.P. has been a section within the larger party, always with a self-appointed mission to convert its colleagues to a better understanding of the Socialist faith. There have been many phases in the course of this long collaboration; and relations have been strained more than once before. A section of the I.L.P. broke away and tried to form an Independent Socialist Party during the first years after the Liberal victory of 1906. But then the main body stood firm for the "Alliance"; and the projected Socialist Party came to nothing. There was a more serious rift in 1914, when the Labour Party declared for the war and the I.L.P. against it; and during the next four years the little I.L.P. group formed practically a separate party in the House of Commons. But there was no formal split; and when Labour left the Coalition the old relations were gradually restored. An attempt to form a Trade Union Labour Party, free from "Socialist domination," found hardly any followers; and before long Mr. MacDonald was back in the leadership which he had resigned in 1914. The causes of trouble seemed to have been removed, and the old alliance stably restored.

But actually new troubles were already beginning; for the Labour Party of post-war days was a very different thing from the Labour Party before 1914. In the first place, it was far more Socialist, for the Trade Union movement after the war had accepted the greater part of the Socialist doctrine. But in the second place the Labour Party was no longer merely an alliance of Trade Unions and Socialist bodies; its new constitution of 1918, adopted under Mr. Henderson's influence, had completely changed its character. Hitherto, the I.L.P. had been, to all intents and purposes, the individual members' section of the Labour Party; for the Labour Party itself had made, save in a few areas, no attempt to enrol individual members. The new constitution of 1918 changed all that. The local Labour parties began to enrol large numbers of individuals, to create flourishing women's sections, and to develop an independent life of their own. The I.L.P., except in Scotland, where it managed largely to maintain the old conditions, had to seek a new place for itself in the Labour movement, in direct competition with the local branches of the Labour Party.

It could do this only by emphasising its Socialist character and setting up to be more Socialist than the Labour Party—a sort of Left-wing group trying to convert the mass of the movement to the true Socialist faith. But, in fact, it was quite unfit to play this new part; its best-known leaders, Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden, so far from being on the Left wing of Labour, were rapidly passing over under the new conditions to the extreme Right. So the I.L.P. had to begin to search for a new place in the sun by casting off its old leaders, or being cast off by them—it does not matter which. This done, it was free to develop its new policy, which it duly crystallised in the slogan of "Socialism in Our Time" It had suffered serious losses in bringing about this change; but three or four years ago it seemed to be on the point of reorienting itself successfully within the new post-war Labour Party.

The success was short-lived. The Labour Government of 1929, with its vacillating policy, which put a constant strain on the allegiance of the Left wing, was led by the ex-chieftains of the I.L.P.; and there was no love lost between Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Maxton. While the Labour Government remained in office there was ceaseless bickering, and the I.L.P. members came up against the Party standing orders, and demanded freedom from the discipline imposed by the Labour Party on its representatives. When Mr. MacDonald's Government fell, and he and Mr. Snowden left the Labour Party, as they had previously left the I.L.P., in the course of their rightward march, the chief causes of trouble seemed to be out of the way, and most people expected that, with the Labour Party as a whole tending leftwards, the differences between it and the I.L.P. would soon be made up. Probably most members of the I.L.P. hoped and believed they would; but Mr. Maxton's "monkey" was up, and Transport House seems to have got its "monkey" up too. Deadlock was reached, and on deadlock has followed actual separation.

That, however, is not the end of the matter; for, despite Mr. Maxton's majority at Bradford last week-end, it is quite uncertain how much of what remains of the I.L.P. will be prepared to follow him. For one thing, it is by no means clear where he is leading them. Towards some sort of revolutionary Socialism, yes. But what sort? Can Mr. Maxton find a permanent resting-place midway between Smith Square and Moscow, or will he ere long resume his journey to the Communist promised land? Moreover, there are the seceders from the seceders to be reckoned with. Headed by Mr. Tom Johnston, Mr. Dollan, and Mr. Wise, they are likely to carry a large fraction of the I.L.P. with them into some kind of Socialist society which will remain within the Labour Party. But can they find for themselves a reason for maintaining a separate existence? Probably a good many of Mr. Maxton's opponents will simply transfer their activities to their local Labour parties, and have nothing to do with either Mr. Maxton or Mr. Wise.

It is all a foolish tangle, the more so because the ostensible causes of the rupture could obviously have been removed if there had been any will to remove them. The moral, we think, is twofold. First, in face of the changed structure of the Labour Party since 1918, there is no room for a distinct Socialist political party inside it, though there may be plenty of room for a Socialist propaganda body working in association with it. Secondly, there would be less room for misunderstanding, and probably less difference of opinion, if the Labour Party were clearer about its own policy than it seems at present to be. If Transport House had given a bolder lead, Mr. Maxton and Mr. Brockway might still have left the Labour fold, but it is very doubtful if they would have carried with them a majority of the delegates at the I.L.P. Conference last week.

A LONDON DIARY

SEVERAL people returning from the Disarmament Conference at Geneva agree in telling me that the "private conversations" have been a principal cause of the failure of this first six months phase of the Conference. The last seven weeks of the proceedings were devoted almost entirely to these private conversations between the representatives of the three Great Powers, Britain, France, and the United States. The result was disastrous, for at a crucial moment when it was essential for progress that the attitude of the Great Powers should be unequivocally defined towards the Hoover proposals, the influence of publicity was removed and the Conference practically came to a standstill. The

miserable Final Resolution shows that the secrecy of these negotiations did absolutely nothing to advance the cause of disarmament. Great Britain and Sir John Simon must bear a large part of the responsibility for the fact that the generals and admirals have won the first round at Geneva. Our Foreign Secretary has been in public and private little more than a first-class advocate of the views of the "experts" at the Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry. If our principal representative at a Disarmament Conference is to be merely the mouthpiece of the "Services," it would be far better to send a soldier or sailor, for at least the ordinary man would not then be deceived as to the intentions of the Government. On the other hand, if we want disarmament, there are at least two points which are of primary importance for the programme of the Conference when it resumes: (1) publicity, and (2) "experts," in the shape of admirals and generals, to be kept in a back room and to be consulted solely on "technical questions."

* * *

Readers of Mrs. Carlyle's letters will remember that not the least among her many domestic tribulations in Chelsea was bugs. Until recently I had foolishly imagined that these insects were relics of the dirt of mediaeval and eighteenth-century London which only occasionally plagued our Victorian ancestors, but which had vanished from our modern life with its drains, dustmen, and sanitary inspectors. I have been warned against them in Asiatic Resthouses, in Greece, and in Spain (though I have met them in none of these places except one Spanish posada), but I never expected to meet them in London. I am rather horrified therefore to discover that the bug is indigenous in many London houses. A friend of mine recently took a beautiful old panelled house in a street which has somewhat come down in the world since it was built in the early eighteenth century. Being a man of experience and common sense who temperamentally does not take a rosy view of the future, he did what I should never have thought of doing; he asked his future landlord whether there were bugs in the house. He was assured that there were no bugs. He signed a longish lease and spent a good deal on decorating the house. The first night that he and his wife occupied it, they were fiercely attacked by bugs. The house is infested with them, and, according to the sanitary inspector and other experts, they are ineradicable. What astonishes me the most in this episode is that at least three other people to whom I have told the story tell me that they have been attacked by this insect in London houses. It shakes the little faith in modern civilisation which the events of 1914 to 1932 have left me.

I remember a few years ago reading in one of the daily papers an account of how a miner in the Midlands had blown up his house with a dynamite cartridge. The house was infested with bugs and the unfortunate man had tried every method of getting rid of them. At last one night, after his family had retired to bed, he exploded a dynamite cartridge. He wrecked the house and severely injured himself, but whether he destroyed the bugs I do not know. After hearing my friend's account of his own losing fight against this creature, I can now more easily understand the state of mind of the miner.

* * *

The English, British, or Anglo-Saxon (one may take one's choice of words) character is a curious mixture of the rankest sentimentality crossed by a streak of the grimmest cynicism. If you keep your ears open, you may hear this *macabre* cynicism break out almost any day in the casual comments and jokes of the London streets. It runs through the whole of English literature. It gave a bitter flavour to many of the best of the old music-hall songs. So deeply traditional is it that it has been carried over to America in the *Mayflower*, and it still gives its peculiar tang to many of the popular songs both there and here. One of the grimmest examples of this national cynicism that I have ever come across is a song now enjoying a considerable popularity, with the characteristic title *Ain't It Grand to be Blooming well Dead!* It has been recorded for the gramophone and seems to me, in its way, a masterpiece. It begins with the undertaker directing the disposal of the corpse in the coffin. Then it shifts to "I," the corpse, in Heaven, watching his own funeral:

> Look at the coffin,
> Blooming great 'andles,
> Ain't it grand to be blooming well dead!
> Look at the flowers,
> Blooming great orchids,
> Ain't it grand to be blooming well dead!
> Look at the weather,
> Blooming well raining,
> Ain't it grand to be blooming well dead!—and so on.

And then suddenly the corpse wakes up, finds that it has all been a dream; it is the early morning; there is the "missus," the crying kid, the milk to fetch. "Ain't it grand to be blooming well alive?" The cynicism of the accompaniment is quite equal to that of the words.

* * *

The following appeared in the *Times* among the "Points from Letters":

> FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NATION
>
> Tuesday was a beautiful summer day, and it is worthy to record that practically every member of the Royal Family was engaged with public functions, all of which were for the benefit of the nation. —The REV. W. H. SMYTH, The Vicarage, West End, near Woking.

And here is an apothegm:

> It is easy to sneer at the "vulgarity of success." But, after all, it is the only known means of testing a man's character or capacity, and in success I include the having lived on and by the land of England for several generations.—A. A. B. in the *Evening Standard*.

CRITIC.

THE JUBILEE OF JEWISH COLONISATION IN PALESTINE

THE people of Palestine have an eager memory for anniversaries, recent or remote. It is not enough that the calendar is studded with the religious feasts of three creeds, so that there are about sixty holy days in the year; but one community or the other constantly finds special events to celebrate. Thus the anniversary of the publication of the Balfour Declaration is kept as a day of thanksgiving by the Jews and a day of protest by the Arabs. And this year the Jews have a fresh occasion for celebration, the Jubilee of their return to the soil of the Promised Land. It was in 1882 that, under the stress of the bitter persecution in Russia, the Jews of Eastern Europe multiplied societies of Lovers of Zion, and a number of young men set out for Palestine to acquire land and redeem the soil, and to find a better life than was possible in the Russian Pale. The bands were known as the B.I.L.U., being the initial letters of their Hebrew motto taken from the prophecy of Isaiah: "Oh, House of Jacob, let us go and walk in the light of God."

Some years before, a Jewish agricultural school had been founded by a Jewish international association, on land near Jaffa given by the Sultan; and in the seventeenth century a famous Jewish-Ottoman worthy, Don Joseph of Naxos, had planted Jewish agricultural settlements in Galilee to be the nucleus of the Return from Exile. But the pioneers from Russia were the first in our day to establish Jewish villages, and to turn pedlars and students into farmers and peasants. They planted themselves in several places on the Plain of Sharon and the Hills of Galilee, to which they gave poetical and hopeful names: Petach-Tikvah, the Gate of Hope; Richon-le-Zion, the first step to Zion; and Rosh-Pina, the Corner-Stone. In their inexperience of the local conditions they endured great hardships, and many died of malaria and other fevers.

The head of the French house of Rothschild, to whom the ideal of the return of Israel to the land had become a burning passion, came to their help. The villages survived the perils of infancy; and regions that had been sandy wastes or swamps were turned to oases of fertility.

After fifty years' experience it is opportune to review the progress of the movement which they started. In the first place, the number of Jewish rural settlers has grown from a few hundreds to about 45,000. What seemed a miracle has become a normal life. One-quarter of the Jewish population of Palestine is now distributed over 200 or more villages and settlements. Not all these people are engaged in agricultural work, but they are all country dwellers. Then the activity of the "Lovers of Zion," which was the expression of the enthusiasm of a few thousands in the Jewries of Europe, has grown into the world movement of the Zionist Organisation, which in various ways expends or attracts for the benefit of the land about £2,000,000 a year. Lastly, the ideal of the Jewish spiritual centre in the land of the Bible has been realised in the development of the Hebrew language and literature, in a network of elementary and secondary schools and a university, and in the creation of plastic art, drama and music, which make Palestine with its 180,000 Jews the principal Jewish influence on the life of the 15,000,000 children of Israel scattered over the world. There is something to justify the celebration of the Jubilee.

The changes which have taken place in the conditions of life of the agricultural community within are as remarkable as the growth of the movement without. Originally their principal cultivation was of vineyards; and Baron Rothschild gave them vast "caves" in which they made the wines of Richon and Carmel. Now that wine is peculiarly subject to the law of diminishing returns the Jewish farmers have turned largely to the growing of citrus fruit in the plains and dairy-farming in the hills. The social organisation has been revolutionised. Originally the settlers were small individual farmers, either owning their own land, or, more usually, tenants of the Rothschild foundation and supported by it. They employed Arab fellaheen for the rougher work, and Jewish agricultural labourers were few. To-day, while the older settlers have retained the character of tenant-farmers, the labour is done principally by young Jewish men and women who are highly organised in the Federation of Jewish Workmen. And the newer settlements are formed either as co-operative societies of which the members, while possessing their own houses and animals, work the land and market their produce together; or as Communes (Kevutzeth), the members of which live together in common dwellings, rear their children together in communal nurseries, and share all material things—but not, in spite of lying rumours, their wives—in common. These two forms of organisation correspond to the "Kolkhoz" and the "Commune" of Soviet Russia; and several of the Jewish communal groups are older than any Communes of the Communist land, though nowhere will you find more vehement opponents of political Communism than among them. The soil of the new settlements is owned by the Jewish National Fund, the Zionist organ for purchasing land as the national property of the Jewish people, or by the Colonisation Association established by Baron Rothschild to carry on his life's work. The idea of private ownership of land does not enter into the heaven of the new society.

Originally the settlers were subject to the tender mercies of the Ottoman Government, whose conception of administration was mainly the collection of taxes in the easiest and most extravagant manner, by farming them. To-day Palestine is administered as an international trust by a paternal British mandatory, directed to foster the development of the Jewish National Home and the closer settlement of the soil. A survival of the old days of *laisser aller* remains in the large measure of autonomy that is exercised by a committee elected by adult suffrage, which regulates the public affairs of each village and settlement, and is sometimes satisfied with moral authority, and sometimes vested with the powers of local government.

With the new social ideas and the new political conditions of Palestine, a fresh problem has arisen and has not yet found its solution—how to harmonise the closer settlement of the land by the Jews with the protection of the position of the Arab fellaheen tenants. Expert Commissions have pointed out that it must be solved by the more intensive development of the fertile areas of Palestine, which could at once provide sustenance for a larger Jewish agricultural population and maintain an increasing Arab population on a higher standard of life than their present primitive level. That again postulates a development scheme with a relatively large capital sum; for the Arab tenants cannot themselves find the means of turning from extensive to intensive cultivation. The Mandatory Government proposed in 1931 to guarantee a loan for development; but financial circumstances have not been propitious: and, as it has been put, the Department of Development has been restricted hitherto to the development of a department. Both the Arab and the Jewish populations of Palestine reproach the Government with "sins of omission and Commissions." And it is to be hoped that something may be done soon to give effect to the wisdom of the Commissioners. Jewish development indeed continues and will continue, for nothing can keep back that idealistic force; but their science and their better use of the resources of nature must be shared with the other inhabitants. In the last fifty years they have produced fertility, and made two blades of grass grow where one grew before. Now they must pursue fraternity and make two peoples live peacefully together where one lived before, carrying out the two parts of the Bible injunction: "Dwell in the land, and follow after faithfulness."

NORMAN BENTINCK.

A GREAT PITY

LORD CECIL, speaking at the Liberal Summer School, said that he was of the same opinion as Lord Trenchard—that it was a great pity that flying was ever invented. But when he was asked if he thought civilian aircraft should be abolished on the ground that it could so easily be converted into an instrument of war, he replied that abolition was impracticable.

If Lord Cecil's contention—that the invention of flying is a curse rather than a blessing to mankind—is true surely he exaggerates the helplessness of the human race. Many bitter writers have said that we invent machines merely to become their slaves, but I cannot believe that we should allow these machines to exist unless, in our practical moods, we thought we got more good than harm from them. I have myself a sentimental detestation of machinery and a practical enthusiasm for it. Sentimentally, I regret the displacement of the horse by the engine in the ploughing of the soil, but at the back of my mind I suspect that the modern invention will lighten labour and increase the food-supply. As a sentimentalist, I look back lovingly and longingly to the days when the streets were filled with hansom-cabs, but, even when hansom-cabs and taxicabs were both in the streets, I usually found some practical reason for taking a taxi. Seldom during my lifetime has there been a new invention that I did not denounce—the gramophone, wireless, electric heaters—but, if you visit my home, you will find that, as a practical man, I have installed all these detested novelties in it. If the abolition of these inventions were put to the vote, I might possibly speak in favour of abolition, but I should vote against it. I am not sure that there is a single invention that I should suppress, if I had a dictator's power to do so. Possibly, I should wipe out that deafening instrument—I

miserable Final Resolution shows that the secrecy of these negotiations did absolutely nothing to advance the cause of disarmament. Great Britain and Sir John Simon must bear a large part of the responsibility for the fact that the generals and admirals have won the first round at Geneva. Our Foreign Secretary has been in public and private little more than a first-class advocate of the views of the "experts" at the Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry. If our principal representative at a Disarmament Conference is to be merely the mouthpiece of the "Services," it would be far better to send a soldier or sailor, for at least the ordinary man would not then be deceived as to the intentions of the Government. On the other hand, if we want disarmament, there are at least two points which are of primary importance for the programme of the Conference when it resumes: (1) publicity, and (2) "experts," in the shape of admirals and generals, to be kept in a back room and to be consulted solely on "technical questions."

* * *

Readers of Mrs. Carlyle's letters will remember that not the least among her many domestic tribulations in Chelsea was bugs. Until recently I had foolishly imagined that these insects were relics of the dirt of mediaeval and eighteenth-century London which only occasionally plagued our Victorian ancestors, but which had vanished from our modern life with its drains, dustmen, and sanitary inspectors. I have been warned against them in Asiatic Resthouses, in Greece, and in Spain (though I have met them in none of these places except one Spanish posada), but I never expected to meet them in London. I am rather horrified therefore to discover that the bug is indigenous in many London houses. A friend of mine recently took a beautiful old panelled house in a street which has somewhat come down in the world since it was built in the early eighteenth century. Being a man of experience and common sense who temperamentally does not take a rosy view of the future, he did what I should never have thought of doing; he asked his future landlord whether there were bugs in the house. He was assured that there were no bugs. He signed a longish lease and spent a good deal on decorating the house. The first night that he and his wife occupied it, they were fiercely attacked by bugs. The house is infested with them, and, according to the sanitary inspector and other experts, they are ineradicable. What astonishes me the most in this episode is that at least three other people to whom I have told the story tell me that they have been attacked by this insect in London houses. It shakes the little faith in modern civilisation which the events of 1914 to 1932 have left me.

I remember a few years ago reading in one of the daily papers an account of how a miner in the Midlands had blown up his house with a dynamite cartridge. The house was infested with bugs and the unfortunate man had tried every method of getting rid of them. At last one night, after his family had retired to bed, he exploded a dynamite cartridge. He wrecked the house and severely injured himself, but whether he destroyed the bugs I do not know. After hearing my friend's account of his own losing fight against this creature, I can now more easily understand the state of mind of the miner.

* * *

The English, British, or Anglo-Saxon (one may take one's choice of words) character is a curious mixture of the rankest sentimentality crossed by a streak of the grimmest cynicism. If you keep your ears open, you may hear this *macabre* cynicism break out almost any day in the casual comments and jokes of the London streets. It runs through the whole of English literature. It gave a bitter flavour to many of the best of the old music-hall songs. So deeply traditional is it that it has been carried over to America in the *Mayflower*, and it still gives its peculiar tang to many of the popular songs both there and here. One of the grimmest examples of this national cynicism that I have ever come across is a song now enjoying a considerable popularity, with the characteristic title *Ain't It Grand to be Blooming well Dead!* It has been recorded for the gramophone and seems to me, in its way, a masterpiece. It begins with the undertaker directing the disposal of the corpse in the coffin. Then it shifts to "I," the corpse, in Heaven, watching his own funeral:

> Look at the coffin,
> Blooming great 'andles,
> Ain't it grand to be blooming well dead!
> Look at the flowers,
> Blooming great orchids,
> Ain't it grand to be blooming well dead!
> Look at the weather,
> Blooming well raining,
> Ain't it grand to be blooming well dead!—and so on.

And then suddenly the corpse wakes up, finds that it has all been a dream; it is the early morning; there is the "missus," the crying kid, the milk to fetch. "Ain't it grand to be blooming well alive?" The cynicism of the accompaniment is quite equal to that of the words.

* * *

The following appeared in the *Times* among the "Points from Letters":

> FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NATION
>
> Tuesday was a beautiful summer day, and it is worthy to record that practically every member of the Royal Family was engaged with public functions, all of which were for the benefit of the nation. —The REV. W. H. SMYTH, The Vicarage, West End, near Woking.

And here is an apothegm:

> It is easy to sneer at the "vulgarity of success." But, after all, it is the only known means of testing a man's character or capacity, and in success I include the having lived on and by the land of England for several generations.—A. A. B. in the *Evening Standard*.

CRITIC.

THE JUBILEE OF JEWISH COLONISATION IN PALESTINE

THE people of Palestine have an eager memory for anniversaries, recent or remote. It is not enough that the calendar is studded with the religious feasts of three creeds, so that there are about sixty holy days in the year; but one community or the other constantly finds special events to celebrate. Thus the anniversary of the publication of the Balfour Declaration is kept as a day of thanksgiving by the Jews and a day of protest by the Arabs. And this year the Jews have a fresh occasion for celebration, the Jubilee of their return to the soil of the Promised Land. It was in 1882 that, under the stress of the bitter persecution in Russia, the Jews of Eastern Europe multiplied societies of Lovers of Zion, and a number of young men set out for Palestine to acquire land and redeem the soil, and to find a better life than was possible in the Russian Pale. The bands were known as the B.I.L.U., being the initial letters of their Hebrew motto taken from the prophecy of Isaiah: "Oh, House of Jacob, let us go and walk in the light of God."

Some years before, a Jewish agricultural school had been founded by a Jewish international association, on land near Jaffa given by the Sultan; and in the seventeenth century a famous Jewish-Ottoman worthy, Don Joseph of Naxos, had planted Jewish agricultural settlements in Galilee to be the nucleus of the Return from Exile. But the pioneers from Russia were the first in our day to establish Jewish villages, and to turn pedlars and students into farmers and peasants. They planted themselves in several places on the Plain of Sharon and the Hills of Galilee, to which they gave poetical and hopeful names: Petach-Tikvah, the Gate of Hope; Richon-le-Zion, the first step to Zion; and Rosh-Pina, the Corner-Stone. In their inexperience of the local conditions they endured great hardships, and many died of malaria and other fevers.

The head of the French house of Rothschild, to whom the ideal of the return of Israel to the land had become a burning passion, came to their help. The villages survived the perils of infancy; and regions that had been sandy wastes or swamps were turned to oases of fertility.

After fifty years' experience it is opportune to review the progress of the movement which they started. In the first place, the number of Jewish rural settlers has grown from a few hundreds to about 45,000. What seemed a miracle has become a normal life. One-quarter of the Jewish population of Palestine is now distributed over 200 or more villages and settlements. Not all these people are engaged in agricultural work, but they are all country dwellers. Then the activity of the "Lovers of Zion," which was the expression of the enthusiasm of a few thousands in the Jewries of Europe, has grown into the world movement of the Zionist Organisation, which in various ways expends or attracts for the benefit of the land about £2,000,000 a year. Lastly, the ideal of the Jewish spiritual centre in the land of the Bible has been realised in the development of the Hebrew language and literature, in a network of elementary and secondary schools and a university, and in the creation of plastic art, drama and music, which make Palestine with its 180,000 Jews the principal Jewish influence on the life of the 15,000,000 children of Israel scattered over the world. There is something to justify the celebration of the Jubilee.

The changes which have taken place in the conditions of life of the agricultural community within are as remarkable as the growth of the movement without. Originally their principal cultivation was of vineyards; and Baron Rothschild gave them vast "caves" in which they made the wines of Richon and Carmel. Now that wine is peculiarly subject to the law of diminishing returns the Jewish farmers have turned largely to the growing of citrus fruit in the plains and dairy-farming in the hills. The social organisation has been revolutionised. Originally the settlers were small individual farmers, either owning their own land, or, more usually, tenants of the Rothschild foundation and supported by it. They employed Arab fellaheen for the rougher work, and Jewish agricultural labourers were few. To-day, while the older settlers have retained the character of tenant-farmers, the labour is done principally by young Jewish men and women who are highly organised in the Federation of Jewish Workmen. And the newer settlements are formed either as co-operative societies of which the members, while possessing their own houses and animals, work the land and market their produce together; or as Communes (Kevutzeth), the members of which live together in common dwellings, rear their children together in communal nurseries, and share all material things—but not, in spite of lying rumours, their wives—in common. These two forms of organisation correspond to the "Kolkhoz" and the "Commune" of Soviet Russia; and several of the Jewish communal groups are older than any Communes of the Communist land, though nowhere will you find more vehement opponents of political Communism than among them. The soil of the new settlements is owned by the Jewish National Fund, the Zionist organ for purchasing land as the national property of the Jewish people, or by the Colonisation Association established by Baron Rothschild to carry on his life's work. The idea of private ownership of land does not enter into the heaven of the new society.

Originally the settlers were subject to the tender mercies of the Ottoman Government, whose conception of administration was mainly the collection of taxes in the easiest and most extravagant manner, by farming them. To-day Palestine is administered as an international trust by a paternal British mandatory, directed to foster the development of the Jewish National Home and the closer settlement of the soil. A survival of the old days of *laisser aller* remains in the large measure of autonomy that is exercised by a committee elected by adult suffrage, which regulates the public affairs of each village and settlement, and is sometimes satisfied with moral authority, and sometimes vested with the powers of local government.

With the new social ideas and the new political conditions of Palestine, a fresh problem has arisen and has not yet found its solution—how to harmonise the closer settlement of the land by the Jews with the protection of the position of the Arab fellaheen tenants. Expert Commissions have pointed out that it must be solved by the more intensive development of the fertile areas of Palestine, which could at once provide sustenance for a larger Jewish agricultural population and maintain an increasing Arab population on a higher standard of life than their present primitive level. That again postulates a development scheme with a relatively large capital sum; for the Arab tenants cannot themselves find the means of turning from extensive to intensive cultivation. The Mandatory Government proposed in 1931 to guarantee a loan for development; but financial circumstances have not been propitious: and, as it has been put, the Department of Development has been restricted hitherto to the development of a department. Both the Arab and the Jewish populations of Palestine reproach the Government with "sins of omission and Commissions." And it is to be hoped that something may be done soon to give effect to the wisdom of the Commissioners. Jewish development indeed continues and will continue, for nothing can keep back that idealistic force; but their science and their better use of the resources of nature must be shared with the other inhabitants. In the last fifty years they have produced fertility, and made two blades of grass grow where one grew before. Now they must pursue fraternity and make two peoples live peacefully together where one lived before, carrying out the two parts of the Bible injunction: "Dwell in the land, and follow after faithfulness."

NORMAN BENTINCK.

A GREAT PITY

LORD CECIL, speaking at the Liberal Summer School, said that he was of the same opinion as Lord Trenchard—that it was a great pity that flying was ever invented. But when he was asked if he thought civilian aircraft should be abolished on the ground that it could so easily be converted into an instrument of war, he replied that abolition was impracticable.

If Lord Cecil's contention—that the invention of flying is a curse rather than a blessing to mankind—is true surely he exaggerates the helplessness of the human race. Many bitter writers have said that we invent machines merely to become their slaves, but I cannot believe that we should allow these machines to exist unless, in our practical moods, we thought we got more good than harm from them. I have myself a sentimental detestation of machinery and a practical enthusiasm for it. Sentimentally, I regret the displacement of the horse by the engine in the ploughing of the soil, but at the back of my mind I suspect that the modern invention will lighten labour and increase the food-supply. As a sentimentalist, I look back lovingly and longingly to the days when the streets were filled with hansom-cabs, but, even when hansom-cabs and taxicabs were both in the streets, I usually found some practical reason for taking a taxi. Seldom during my lifetime has there been a new invention that I did not denounce—the gramophone, wireless, electric heaters—but, if you visit my home, you will find that, as a practical man, I have installed all these detested novelties in it. If the abolition of these inventions were put to the vote, I might possibly speak in favour of abolition, but I should vote against it. I am not sure that there is a single invention that I should suppress, if I had a dictator's power to do so. Possibly, I should wipe out that deafening instrument—I

hate it so bitterly that I even forget its name—a kind of orchestral organ that they play in some of the cinemas. But I should hesitate to abolish even the pneumatic drill, though the noise of one is torturing me as I write.

Possibly, this is the result of our modern superstitious attitude to machinery. If the polytheism of the Greeks had survived among us, Machinery would, no doubt, by this time have taken her place among the goddesses and been revered as devotedly as Artemis or Aphrodite. There are signs, indeed, that, in spite of our nominal monotheism, Machinery is gradually attracting an amount of worship that threatens disastrous consequences to the older religions of Europe. Hence, even when we dislike machines we are afraid to destroy them lest we invoke the wrath of the youngest of the goddesses. An example of this was seen recently when the question of the abolition of tanks in war was raised. No sooner was it proposed to abolish tanks than a horror-stricken worshipper of Machinery cried out: "Abolish tanks? Why, after inoculation, tanks saved more lives than anything else in the Great War." You will find example after example of the reverence for Machinery in the arguments of the experts during almost any conference on disarmament. One man will pay a glowing tribute to the life-saving properties of poison-gas. Another will enthusiastically point out that submarines saved more lives in a year than are saved by lifeboats in a century. Another will declare that the merits of the bombing aeroplane as a life-saver are even greater. One wonders, indeed, at the end of some of these discussions how, with all these (and more) life-saving appliances in action—tanks, aeroplanes, submarines, poison-gas, battleships, destroyers, zeppelins, heavy artillery, hand grenades, bullets, gun powder, and bayonets—anybody on either side managed to get killed in the Great War. Something must have gone wrong somewhere—probably the human element. I trust, however, that no one will be guilty of the blasphemy of blaming the machines. To attack machines is to attack progress, to attack knowledge. What is the difference between the obscurantism that attacks tanks and the obscurantism that attacked the invention of printing some centuries ago?

And yet somehow I think that if Lord Cecil is entirely convinced that it is a pity that flying was ever invented, he ought to lead a crusade for its abolition. Let him take a leaf out of the book of that doughty fighter, Mr. A. P. Herbert, who no sooner catches sight of an enemy of the human race than he is off in pursuit of it, like Don Quixote, with his lance tilted. It may be urged that Mr. Herbert falls short of the chivalry of Don Quixote since he usually makes war on women—chiefly Dora and Mrs. Grundy. Don Quixote, I agree, would almost certainly have taken both Dora and Mrs. Grundy under his protection because of their sex and would have felt that to injure a hair of their heads was a crime against Dulcinea del Toboso herself. It may be pleaded on Mr. Herbert's behalf, however, that the equality of the sexes has been established since Don Quixote's day and that there is therefore no longer any need for the ancient chivalry. It may also be pleaded that it is no more possible for Mr. Herbert to avoid fighting Mrs. Grundy than it was for the Romans to avoid fighting Boadicea. My point in mentioning Mr. Herbert, however, was not either to attack or to defend his rough treatment of Mrs. Grundy, but to hold him up to Lord Cecil as an example of a man who, if he believes it is a great pity that something exists, immediately sets out to try to abolish that something with a letter in the *Times*. Some years ago, for example, he discovered that a law existed which forbids marriages to take place after three o'clock or some such hour in the afternoon. His imagination recoiled in horror. Was he content, however, to let his imagination recoil in horror and to take no further steps? Did he say that it was a great pity the present law existed but that it was impracticable to change it? On the contrary, he lit a little candle in the correspondence columns of the *Times* that will—perhaps—never be put out. Similarly, Mr. Herbert, noticing the disgusting fashion in which the modern bathing-costume conceals the chest of the male bather, has recently put himself at the head of a campaign for releasing the masculine torso from its present bondage. Assume that Lord Cecil had felt as strongly about bathing-costumes as Mr. Herbert does, what would he have done about it? Is it not likely that he would have said that it was a great pity the bathing-costume had ever been invented, but that its abolition was impracticable? On the other hand, if Mr. Herbert felt as strongly about the invention of flying as Lord Cecil does, I am ready to bet a hundred to one that he would write to the *Times* about it, calling for its abolition and proving that flying was Mrs. Grundyism gone mad.

That seems to me to be the only reasonable course to pursue in regard to inventions and institutions, the existence of which is "a great pity." For centuries, for example, each of the two islands, Great Britain and Ireland, thought that it was a great pity that the other existed, and each of them did its manly best to put an end to the scandal. History would be as dull as ditch-water if all the nations of the earth had perpetually looked at each other with a vague feeling that it was a great pity the others were there and had then decided that nothing practical could be done about it. Yet it is easier to abolish aeroplanes or bathing-costumes than to abolish nations. It is easy to abolish almost anything except nations, thunderstorms and earthquakes. All that Lord Cecil has to do is to convince three-quarters of the human race that flying is an evil. But is it? And does Lord Cecil entirely and absolutely believe that it is? I loathe the invention myself, but I would not vote for its abolition, not because it is impracticable, but because I am not sure that I am right. Y. Y.

Correspondence

CONVERSION ETHICS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In his article in your issue of July 30th, "Toreador" supports his argument that rates of interest should be unfairly reduced by compulsion rather than by persuasion with a statement that in a capitalistic society which does not maintain a stable purchasing power for its currency, one does not expect social justice. But it may be suggested that, having regard to the intimate relation between debt and the instability of currency, a reasonably planned system of reducing the burden of debts would both be just and tend to maintain a stable purchasing power for sterling. The Treasury might, for instance, as I suggested in the *Economist* of June 11th (p. 1296), have called for weekly tenders for bonds, at par; bearing interest at a rate not above 2½ per cent.; applicants to specify the latest date on which repayment was required; the latest dated applications to be accepted, and the results published weekly. The money could have been returned to the market by the purchase of Consols and Conversion loan while crediting a sufficient amount to the exchange equalisation account to make a higher Bank rate effective in maintaining the value of sterling. A 3½ per cent. or even lower basis for long term loans could thus have been established, and a large part of the benefit of the resulting appreciation of values secured to the Treasury. A conversion offer based on the prices current for long-dated stocks, and the lengths of the terms for which money could be borrowed on Treasury bonds bearing low rates of interest need then have relied for success neither on bluff nor persuasion.

An undertaking to repay a debt even of £2,000 millions within a short period can only be considered inflationary on the assumption that difficulty in borrowing for repayment will make inflation of the currency necessary to facilitate the operation—certainly not when it implies a saving of between £30 and £40 millions a year in a budget that is already balanced and when an increase of revenue from existing taxes may be expected to accompany any increased demand for money.

In "Toreador's" own words, "it will be a business proposition to convert. The market will go higher." More systematic methods could not but be safer as well as fairer.

6 Court Downs Road, Beckenham, Kent. A. C. DOBBS.

THE NAZIS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Nazi propaganda is notoriously efficient, and arguments about the provocation of a world war or a street fight are notoriously arid. Mr. Amos, who writes to you from Göttingen, has lived four months in Germany; to excuse my presuming to answer him, I must mention that I have spent innumerable months there, and certainly more than twelve in the last twenty-four.

What I think chiefly disgusts informed English people—despite the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Express*—with regard to the Nazi movement is the savage tone of its orators and its press. A mild example was Dr. Goebbels' recent denunciation of the Southern States as "canaille," and there has been language which cannot evade responsibility for the Königsberg outrages last Sunday.

A "thorough consideration" of the Nazi movement yields nothing but disappointment. In the Brown House at Munich the other day I was offered the invariable panacea for all ills—Europe must be purged of Jews and negroes. Apart from my respect for many brilliant Jews in Germany, I cannot feel that any of the greater problems will be solved so simply. Herr Gregor Strasser seemed in May to have the beginnings of an economic programme, but his broadcast on June 14th was singularly disappointing. Your Göttingen correspondent denies that the Nazis are "out for revolution," but Herr Strasser then specifically defined his as a revolutionary party. One respects the movement still less for allowing itself to be Schleicher's instrument, and it is surely not surprising if many English people are relieved that the Reichstag election has at least not strengthened the Nazis since the spring elections.

Cambridge. ELIZABETH WISKEMANN.

THE KENYA LAND COMMITTEE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have just seen your issue of June 4th, with the letter from Lord Olivier. I have not seen Mr. J. Kenyatta's letter which he criticises, but I fully agree that the advice given to Mr. Kenyatta by Lord Olivier is thoroughly sound.

Personally, I would have to be more discriminating in my praise of Sir Wm. Morris Carter than is Lord Olivier. No Government could do more to show a desire to get a just settlement of Kenya questions. They have got the man who, in their opinion, is the best man for the job. But it is just one somewhat similar inquiry in his public record which gives ground for uneasiness to some of us. I cannot think that Lord Olivier has read the Report of the Committee appointed "to consider the question of Native Land Settlement in Ankole, Bunyoro, Busoga and Toro." Of this Committee Sir W. Morris Carter was chairman. Three reports were issued by the Committee, in 1913 and 1914. I quote from para. 14 of the 1913 Report. "It would appear that according to native customs no land was owned by anyone except the chiefs, and that the peasants were merely occupiers."

The third Report, dated November 26th, 1914, gives in a schedule the Committee's recommendations. Of the total of 19,524 sq. mls. in the Native kingdoms under consideration, they recommend that 3,332 be granted as estates to chiefs, leaving 16,392 sq. mls. at the disposal of the Crown. This large area was to be "available for development by Europeans and others in the best interests of the country. . . ."

I have served in both Ankole and Toro, and am deeply convinced that the quotation from para. 14 utterly fails to give a true account of the rights of the peasant clansmen. Nothing, in my opinion, could be more contrary to the nature of the rights of clansmen under the clan system. And, of course, reports based on such wrong conceptions only made matters worse from the point of view of Africans. Witness the Report of the "Inquiry into the Grievances of the Mukama and people of Toro," issued in 1926. From the point of view of the peasant clansmen, the Report of Sir W. Morris Carter's Committee only made confusion more confounded.

I, for one, can quite understand that those Africans who know of Sir W. Morris Carter's Reports on Land Questions in this part of Africa, feel a certain amount of hesitation in praising highly his appointment. We hope that his forthcoming Report will show a clearer understanding of the clan system than those of 1913–1914.

Personally, I am doing all I can to help Africans prepare their cases. What they really require is that someone (a European) be appointed by Government to help them. It requires no imagination to fear that many will damage their own cases by sheer ignorance of how to present them. All our laws are published in English, which is an unknown tongue to all but a very, very small number.

I have no hesitation whatsoever in affirming that if an inquiry into similar questions were held in England, or any other sophisticated community, the claimants would be condemned as foolish if they did not get the best legal help in the setting out of their claims. Sir W. Morris Carter's Committee will be working at a decided disadvantage, in my opinion, in that this help will not be available to them. They start with a heavy handicap.

I cannot withhold my mede of praise from Mr. Hemstead, and I am sure that Capt. Wilson will not lower his ideal of fair play.

Maseno, Kisumu, Kenya. W. E. OWEN, Archdeacon of Kavirondo, Kenya Colony.

THE MEANS TEST

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of July 30th, Mrs. A. E. Terrett states that the "present increase of pauperism has come not from the determinations of the local P.A.C.s, but largely from the centralised administration under the Labour Government's Anomalies Act."

Obviously, the statement is incorrect, for whereas the Means Test regulations affect a large proportion of the unemployed workers in every town throughout the country, the Anomalies Regulations affect comparatively few of the genuinely unemployed.

The Anomalies Regulations affect four classes of claimants. (1) Persons who habitually work less than a full week, and by the practice of the trade receive earnings greater than the normal earnings of persons in the same occupations employed a full week. (2) Seasonal workers. (3) Persons whose normal employment is not more than two days per week. (4) Married women who, since marriage, or in any prescribed period subsequent to marriage, have had less than the prescribed number of contributions paid in respect of them. This class does not include married women whose husbands are incapacitated from work, or who are unemployed and not in receipt of benefit.

The numbers in classes 1 and 3 are almost infinitesimal, while the seasonal workers are mainly confined to seaside and health resorts. The classes of married women involved were included in the Anomalies Act in response to a widespread demand throughout the country for drastic action to cut out of the benefits of the fund claimants who are manifestly undeserving.

Rodley, Leeds. M. C. SCARTH.

CHILDREN AND WAR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have had the privilege of reading essays written by children who visited a certain Tattoo, and from this and other sources I have gleaned the following data:

I.—The most popular items were: (1) A Battle; (2) The Toy Soldiers; (3) Trick Riding; (4) Bombing:

> The war (*sic*) was the best because I have always wanted to see one, and now I have an idea what one is like.
>
> I liked it because it was interesting to see them fight and drop dead.
>
> The reason why I did not like it was because there was no fighting.
>
> They both fought well, but the English won. There is a little saying which says: "Britons never shall be slaves."

II.—The children were obviously bored with many of the items—in particular a scene where the troops were blessed and the people sang hymns: one child complained that it was like being in church.

III.—Only one girl made the suggestion that war is undesirable, and her comment was simply :

I hope there won't be a war in England any more.

IV.—A few of the older girls realised that the Tattoo did not give an accurate impression of modern war :

The soldiers on each side only charged each other. They did not kill each other.

V.—Several children noted with approval that the English always beat the French.

VI.—General comments—other than that the Tattoo was "nice"—were few : in some, the influence of the home was perceptible :

A soldier's life must be grand—to be dressed up and march with bands.

The fact which was mostly impressed upon me was the fact that these jolly aimable young men were the brave, dauntless soldiers which had faced death in many forms but had laughed in the face of the same.

They sang the National Anthem, which showed that even though the people had had an evening of revelry, excitement, pleasure and amusement, they had not forgotten God, who helped and made everyone : and if it had not been for God, no one would have been able to see and enjoy it.

The Tattoo was a thing which caused a great interest in soldiers and which showed a great love for God.

It should be added that the promoters of the Tattoo declared that it was "pacific in intention."

WITHOUT COMMENT.

STERILISATION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As certain press cutting agencies and also some friends of mine have attributed to me a letter published in your paper over the signature of G. B. Grundy on the subject of sterilisation, I should like to say this : as the subject does not interest me, and as I have no scientific knowledge of the matter, I did not write the letter in question.

C.C.C., Oxford. (Another) G. B. GRUNDY.

RENT CONTROL

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In days when every branch of administration, both local and national, is straining after economy, it seems strange that the increased calls on the public purse for relief measures, caused by the heavy incidence of decontrolled rent charges on family incomes derived from unemployment pay, have apparently escaped attention.

In my work on the care committee of a school in a poor district of West London, I have come across cases where the rent of two or three rooms absorbs 50 per cent. or even more of the unemployment pay for a family. In some cases 15s. and 16s. is charged for two rooms, and 19s. to 20s. for three. Side by side with these are rooms, still controlled, where 8s. to 9s. and 10s. to 12s. is charged for similar accommodation. This heavy drain on insufficient family resources means, among other things, that free meals for children of school age, and remission of charges for dental and other treatment are applied for and can hardly be refused. Thus the burden on the administrative relief services is increased, while national payments definitely intended to maintain the family efficiency during unemployment are diverted into private pockets.

The question seems one that bears directly on that of rent decontrol, and one that should be ventilated. The head teachers of the school are in entire agreement with this statement.

E. G. S.,
Vice-Chairman, School Care Committee.

PRACTICAL INTERNATIONALISM

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—While the political world seems to grow more and more madly nationalistic, it is a comfort to witness the practical expression of international feeling among the graduate women of many countries, who have just completed in Edinburgh the Sixth Triennial Conference of the International Federation of University Women. For ten days 553 professional women have been meeting each other in discussions, in excursions, at lectures and at delightful social functions, and they have demonstrated the fact that co-operation and good will are possible among the women anyhow of at least thirty-five countries. Nationalism there is, to give a distinctive flavour and an individuality to the delegates from each country, but no nation is believed to be paramount or infallible, and the scholastic and professional aims and interests of all are felt to be identical and international. Of deepest interest were the reports of the various Federations, beginning with the accounts of mutual help by Research Fellowships awarded every year to the best international candidates, the French, German and Swiss Federations having, for instance, given Fellowships to Czech, Greek and German members, respectively. Efforts have been made for the exchanges of museum curators, archivists, scientific workers, etc., and, in spite of financial difficulties, have actually been accomplished between teachers of different countries, while a Jugoslavian librarian has been awarded a month's residence at Crosby Hall in Chelsea, the headquarters of both the International and the British Federations. The social work of most Federations was reported to be centred in helping their own students, but in all the countries, great and small, a considerable amount of friendly hospitality and help for foreign members has been freely offered and gratefully accepted. Your readers will have seen in the press the accounts of the public meetings and lectures, with the popular International President, Professor Winifred Cullis, in the chair, and of the discussions on University Training as a Preparation for Life, Disarmament, etc., but only those who were present can know how the boundaries of nationality seemed to melt away in the friendly intercourse of women of myriad countries, enveloped by the warm atmosphere of Scotch hospitality, in the beautiful (if occasionally wet) town of Edinburgh. We can only urge all British women graduates to help us in our work of promoting good will and mutual understanding among the nations of the world by joining our Association, and thus helping to forward our practical internationalism.

Crosby Hall, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3. ALYS RUSSELL, Hon. Treas. British Federation of University Women.

Miscellany

G.B.S. AS MUSIC CRITIC

THERE has just been published by Messrs. Constable in the standard edition of the works of Bernard Shaw three volumes at seven shillings and sixpence each containing Mr. Shaw's musical criticism contributed to the *World* week by week during the years 1890-94. Mr. Shaw began his journalistic career as an art critic, from that proceeded to music, abandoned musical criticism for dramatic criticism at the end of 1894, becoming dramatic critic to the *Saturday Review* in 1895, where he stayed until 1898.

Mr. Shaw was the best and most brilliant professional journalist London had known since the days of Hazlitt and De Quincey, and if we of the present generation are apt to look askance at Mr. Shaw and even to detest what seems to us a superficial omniscience, we have only to dip once more into his dramatic criticisms or to read these three volumes of his musical criticisms to discover again what a great intellectual force he was and what a large part he has played in the development of the mental activity of this country.

On July 6th, 1892, in his weekly article in the *World* he made an admirable statement of his attitude as a critic :

I am always electioneering. At the opera I desire certain reforms ; and, in order to get them, I make every notable performance an example of the want of them, knowing that in the long run these defects will seem as ridiculous as Monet has already made Bouguereau's backgrounds, or Ibsen the "poetical justice" of Tom Taylor. Never in my life have I penned an impartial criticism ; and I hope I never may. As long as I have a want, I am necessarily partial to the fulfilment of that want, with a view to which I must

> strive with all my wit to infect everyone else with it. Thus there arises a deadly enmity between myself and the impresarios; for whereas their aim is to satisfy the public . . . I seize on their costliest efforts as the most conspicuous examples of the shortcomings which rob me of the fullest satisfaction of my artistic cravings.

Here Mr. Shaw has placed himself in a nutshell, and we may observe what has generated from this kernel. The critic has one immense advantage over the impresario and this is the possession of "artistic cravings." A critic who has no "artistic cravings" is completely worthless, he is a mere hack in the pay of the advertising impresario, in other words, a corrupt journalist, whether consciously or unconsciously. Therefore the public will always pay attention to the critic rather than to the impresario, and that is why, for example, in any differences between, say, Mr. C. B. Cochran or any other manager and Mr. Gordon Craig, it is Mr. Craig who is always right because he has "artistic cravings," whereas the impresario has box-office cravings as well.

Was Mr. Shaw's claim to possess "artistic cravings" in the world of music genuine? That is what we search his musical criticisms to discover. Also, we look to find the quality of these artistic cravings. I confess that I am astonished to find how good Mr. Shaw was—which means only partly how far his musical cravings agree with mine. He is, of course, from his very first article a passionate advocate of Wagner, whose music dramas were then little known. In 1892 he wrote:

> Undoubtedly the great musical event of 1892 has been the performance in London of Wagner's *Nibelung's Ring*, after an interval of ten years. . . . London has just heard these world-famous works for the *second* time, not as part of the regular repertory of an English opera house, but, as before, by a German company imported for the occasion.

The season was conducted by Gustav Mahler, then unknown as a composer, whom he praises as an "energetic conductor. He knows the score thoroughly and sets the *tempi* with excellent judgment." Mr. Shaw's bias is shown when he declares:

> I am sure that *Das Rheingold* must either be read between the lines and through its lines, or else yawned at. *Siegfried, Die Walküre*, and *Götterdämmerung* may pass as ordinary dramas . . . but *Das Rheingold* is either a profound allegory or a puerile fairy tale. Consequently, it is hardly worth doing at all unless it is done very well, which is precisely why it was so much less successful at Covent Garden than *Siegfried*.

To-day we are a little more disillusioned. We recognise the "profound allegory" and will give Wagner an intellectual acknowledgment of the ambitiousness of his designs and of the virtuosity of his achievement, but our hearts remain cold and our judgment suspended because we don't believe in him, we distrust his very accents—"not all those who call upon my name, etc.," occurs to our mind; and we are not as innocent or so busy electioneering as Mr. Shaw was as to take an artist at his face value. If you are a partisan you are always liable to be deceived by anybody who shouts the name and wears the label of your party, and Mr. Shaw as a fanatical electioneer was often deceived by the words "artist" and "socialist."

On the other hand, he was Mr. Shaw, not a mere electioneer, and we may apply to him his own words about Chopin and George Sand written in a review of a Life of Chopin. He objects to the author's criticism of George Sand in which she is accused of being "wanting alike in tact, reserve and dignity of conduct":

> all of which, though irrefutable from its point of view, is entirely worthless as a description of George Sand, because it would be equally irrefutable of dozens of other eminent women who were not in the least like George Sand. One does not refute that sort of criticism, one repudiates it. . . . To say, for instance, that Chopin was not a man to grasp opportunities merely because he did not jump at a chance of giving a paying concert, is to substitute the business standard of a smart agent for the artistic standard of the critic of a great composer. A man who died of consumption at thirty-nine, and yet produced what Chopin has left us, was clearly a man of immeasurably greater energy and practicality than the late Mr. Jay Gould who worked far longer than Chopin and produced nothing.

We are always accused out of our own mouths and when Mr. Shaw points out that the author of the Life of Chopin is substituting "the business standard of a smart agent for the artistic standard of the critic," we may wonder whether Mr. Shaw has not substituted occasionally the social standard of a political reformer for that of the musical critic in his writings about Wagner.

On the other hand, Mr. Shaw had genuine artistic standards in music. He writes in one place:

> I was born into evil days, when *Les Huguenots* was considered a sublime creation, and *Die Zauberflöte* "a damned pantomime" (as they say now of its legitimate successor, *Das Rheingold*) and when the *Ninth Symphony* was regarded as a too long and perversely ugly and difficult concert-piece, much inferior to such august neo-classics as Spohr's *Consecration of Sound* and Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony*; and if I had won all my knowledge of the great *Singspiel* and the great *Symphony* from their interpreters, instead of from Mozart and Beethoven themselves, small and darkened would that knowledge have been.

Nothing is more notable than Mr. Shaw's constant advocacy and discriminating praise of Mozart in these volumes, for it rings true and argues real musical perception as does his constant appreciation of Verdi. In fact, if we want a proof that Mr. Shaw was not merely a man of great intellectual ability writing on music but also a man of genuine musical perception we can find it in his being able to discriminate between the early Verdi and such composers as Max Bruch and Brahms. He takes the measure of Max Bruch at once. Perhaps that is easier for him because Max Bruch was obviously an emotional and melodramatic composer. But to perceive the immense difference between Brahms and Beethoven and to recognise Brahms's character was not so easy, especially at that period. Referring to his symphonies, Mr. Shaw says:

> Strip off the euphuism from these symphonies, and you will find a string of incomplete dance and ballad tunes, following one another with no more organic coherence than the succession of passing images reflected in a shop window in Piccadilly during any twenty minutes in the day. That is why Brahms is so enjoyable when he merely tries to be pleasant or naïvely sentimental and so insufferably tedious when he tries to be profound. His symphonies are endured at the Richter concerts as sermons are endured, and his *Requiem* is patiently borne only by the corpse. . . .

This is not the whole truth about Brahms, but it is essentially true that Brahms's symphonies have no real organic coherence as the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven have, and this is a purely musical perception.

Even more astonishing is his perception of the greatness of Verdi, not only the Verdi of *Otello* and *Falstaff*, but the early Verdi. Of *Ernani* he writes:

> In the play Charles V is sublime in feeling, but somewhat tedious in expression. In the opera he is equally sublime in feeling, but concise, grand and touching in expression, thereby proving that the chief glory of Victor Hugo as a stage poet was to have provided libretti for Verdi. Every opera-goer who knows chalk from cheese knows that to hear that scene finely done is worth hearing all the Mephistopheleses and Toreadors that ever grimaced or sniggered. . . . *Il Trovatore, Un Ballo, Ernani*, etc., are no longer read at the piano at home as the works of the Carmen *genre* are, and as Wagner's are. The popular notion of them is therefore founded on performances in which the superb distinction and heroic force of the male characters, and the tragic beauty of the women, have been burlesqued by performers with every sort of disqualification for such parts, from age and obesity to the most excruciating phases of physical insignificance and modern cockney vulgarity. . . . Many who now talk of the master as of a tuneful trifler who only half-redeemed a misspent life by . . . *Aida* and *Otello* . . . will change their tone when his operas are once more seriously studied by great artists.

When the vocal score of *Falstaff* came out in 1893 Mr. Shaw bought it:

> I did not go to Milan to hear the first performance for several reasons . . . let it be understood then that I do not know the work: I only know some things about it . . . the fire and heroism of his earlier works blazes up now only on strong provocation. *Falstaff* is lighted and warmed only by the afterglow of the fierce noonday sun of *Ernani*; but the gain in beauty conceals the loss in heat—if, indeed, it be a loss to replace intensity of passion and

spontaneity of song by fullness of insight and perfect mastery of workmanship.

In the reproducing field of music Mr. Shaw was equally acute. He saw through the virtuoso who had nothing but virtuosity. He appreciated the great artistry of Yvette Guilbert at once. He had a proper appreciation of Richter, Mottl and Joachim, seeing their faults as well as their virtues. He could go badly wrong, as I think, over Schubert because he is hardly at home in the super-personal, non-dramatic fields of music, but what was rare and fine in his province he detected at once and he can convince us when we have only him to rely upon as, for example, over a now forgotten Spanish singer and dancer:

> A certain Señorita C. de Otero . . . danced a dance which has ennobled the adjective "suggestive" for me for ever. It was a simple affair enough, none of your cruel Herodias dances, or cleverly calculated tomboyish Tararas, but a poignant, most meaning dance, so intensely felt that a mere walk across the stage in it quite dragged at one's heart strings. This Otero is really a great artist. But do you suppose the house rose at her? Not a bit of it: they stared vacantly, waiting for some development in the manner of Miss Lottie Collins, and finally grumbled out a little disappointed applause. Two men actually hissed—if they will forward me their names and addresses I will publish them with pleasure, lest England should burst in ignorance of its greatest monsters.

Sometimes reading his musical criticisms I wonder what has happened to Mr. Shaw. He has grown old, but has he grown old like Verdi?

W. J. TURNER.

THE EVANGELIST

AT the cross-roads he stands and preaches
Of observance and its breaches
In a tonitruant voice that follows
The soaring flight of swifts and swallows,
And though the words are parched and hoarse,
Snaps not the thread of his discourse.
At unrelenting, steady pace,
Pursuing those who fall from grace,
It meshes like a net of wire
The vagrants in temptation's mire,
And closes, like a steely gin,
Upon all stumblers bogged in sin.

Meanwhile his audience of one
Blinks mildly at him in the sun,
With gaping mouth and old deaf ears,
Wrapt in the idiocy of years,
Thinking the preacher some cheapjack
Or, better still, a wandering quack.
Perhaps, hopes he, this urgent man
Can lengthen out his shortening span,
Can stop him always feeling ill
By means of a miraculous pill,
And, when the talking's done, may give
A sample box to help him live.

He longs, a doting reprobate,
To snatch a few more years from fate,
To feel in each sere vein the blood
Revive its ancient, generous flood,
And dreams of catching village maids
At nightfall in the forest glades.
He sees, before his misty eyes,
A dim mirage of lust arise,
And chuckles as he plans a lair
To spy on lovers unaware,
To watch them clasp, and gain therefrom
The ecstasy of Peeping Tom.

Just at that time the preacher's words,
Flung up to meet the summer birds,
Wind like a noose about the necks
Of those who will not curb their sex.
In scorching phrase he starts to paint
The punishment of carnal taint,
With gleaming eyes and raucous voice
Damns all who in the flesh rejoice,
Gives them eternity to spend
In fire and torment without end,
Shows visionary lovers kiss,
Then plunges them in his abyss.

Thus facing, yet apart as poles,
Are placed those two cross-purposed souls,
The one aloud, the other mute,
Each tranced in his own absolute,
While round about them rears a screen
Of oak and beech in shimmering green.
The impassive forest takes no heed
Of the vociferous, outpoured creed,
But silently the words receives
And lets them die amid its leaves;
It has outlived a line of gods,
And one faith more will make no odds.

The labourers homing from the field
No larger congregation yield,
But, casting an indifferent eye,
As careless as the trees, pass by,
Or else a word or two they hear
Which quickens their desire for beer.
For they themselves already broil
After a summer's day of toil,
And pitchy flames and burning lake
Remind them of a thirst to slake.
Salvation's good, but now 'twere fitter
To ease the soul with pints of bitter.

Suddenly on the air is borne
The hooting of a motor-horn.
The preacher hastens-on his phrase,
But, throbbing at the four cross-ways,
The Bournemouth bus a brief pause makes,
And, hurrying in, his seat he takes.
So eagerly he dwelt on Hell,
No time was left of Heaven to tell;
Yet he is happy, for he knows
Its radiant glory with him goes.
The old man, twisted by a cough,
Sees him in cloud of dust roll off.

Thus every afternoon he spends
Of holiday that quickly ends—
An August fortnight of each year—
In shouting at the world's deaf ear,
God-driven, wandering far and wide
About the lonely countryside.
But, dining at his boarding-house,
He seems as timid as a mouse,
And none guess that his soul, released,
Envisages another feast,
With Christ as host, and seraphim
To pass God's bread and wine to him.

T. W. EARP.

THINGS TO SEE AND HEAR

Saturday, August 6th—
Promenade Concerts begin, Queen's Hall, 8, nightly.
Monday, August 8th—
V. Sackville-West on "New Books," B.B.C., 6.50.
Non-stop Revue, Prince of Wales.
Tuesday, August 9th—
"Orders are Orders," Shaftesbury.
Wednesday, August 10th—
Gerald Heard on "This Surprising World," B.B.C., 6.50.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WITH his *Bengal Lancer* Mr. F. Yeats-Brown achieved both fame and fortune. With his *Golden Horn* (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.) he will repeat this experience. I am not surprised that Messrs. Gollancz, in their fine but careless wrapper, should have let themselves go. "Against a setting," they proclaim, "of barbaric splendour, terror, tragedy, heroism, and constant humour and resource, runs the thread of the author's curious personality, whose reaction to the psychology of imprisonment is told in that vivid style . . ."; and so on, through the "seraglio of the Red Sultan," until we reach those calm closing chords, "the closely guarded fortress in the heart of Stamboul." The Seraskerat is not a fortress, but we can let that pass. For the blurb, as a blurb, is magnificent; and quite true. It describes exactly the appeal which *Golden Horn* is likely to make. Not that, as a book, this thrice-told tale is better than many others. It is not, for instance, either as convincing or as intelligent as Mr. Oliver Baldwin's account of his own Anatolian captivity. There are moments, it is true, of real excitement when Mr. Yeats-Brown forgets to be self-conscious, when he crouches behind moonlit parapets intent only upon the posture which necessity dictates. Yet he spoils his narrative by two errors of technique. He allows the story of his adventures (which are enthralling) to be frequently interrupted by the exposition of his ideas (which are not). And he begins by a long historical digression; which is both meaningless and picturesque. It is unfortunate that Mr. Yeats-Brown should have found it convenient thus to pad the top layer of his narrative with the tinsel anecdotes of the Cercle d'Orient, and with paper shavings dexterously snipped from such works as *Abdul Hamid Intime* and the *Ben Kendim* of Mr. Aubrey Herbert. Yet I confess that when we *do* reach the chocolates they are real and varied enough. At one moment a flavour of vanilla, at the next the contrasting pungency of candied orange-peel: after the gentle sting of ginger comes the wet surprise of Chartreuse. Assuredly there is sufficient to charm all palates, even the most jaded. Yet its sweet variety does not wholly explain why *Golden Horn* will be a success. Its popularity will be due to causes both deeper and more topical.

* * *

Mr. Yeats-Brown possesses an acute sense of period: he is acutely sensitive, in any case, to the period for which he writes. He realises, unconsciously perhaps, that the British reading public is passing through a phase which I trust is one only of transition. The old Puritanism is fading, yet we still prefer indecency in the old form of an aside. The traditions of the industrial revolution, the muscular Christianity inculcated by a succession of preachers from Thomas Arnold to Kipling, are still immensely potent, yet the younger generation feel that they would like a little information as well. America has given us not only a lust for sensation but a regrettable taste for amateur philosophy. Mr. Yeats-Brown responds to each of these conflicting tendencies. He has achieved a formula which conciliates both new and old: he brings a sedative in the guise of a stimulant: he startles in order only to assuage. Were there those who felt it irksome that a British cavalry officer should dabble in Yoga? They were at once comforted by the assurance that he also cared for bulldogs, polo, horse-racing, and spearing pigs. Were there those who felt embarrassment at the readiness with which this Bengal Lancer exposed the intimacies of his soul? Their shame was solaced by those movements of reticence with which, in compensation, he could conceal his more manly emotions. "At times such as these, the confidence of one's companion counts for such [? much ?], and I shall never forget Peter's bearing . . . ." What a world of virile comradeship is expressed in that word "bearing"! What a wealth of fine suggestion is conveyed by those four dots!

* * *

I recommend all who are interested in the technique of best-sellers to read page 161 of *Golden Horn*. Upon that page, by some coincidence, are collected several of those emotions which pierce like arrows to the heart of the British reading public. There is, in the first place, brave boyishness in the face of adversity:

> We had sung every song we knew: now we were going to make a noise. Rather sheepishly the sentries unloaded: they were beginning to learn the childlike habits of the English. The band began: it consisted of penny whistles . . . Andante con coraggio . . etc., etc.

In the second place, this brave boyishness is related to something higher:

> Strange doings in a church? And silly? I like to think that if Christ had been present He would not have turned away, and that when the demi-john was empty He would have turned the water into wine.

And in the third place we have the two minutes silence:

> We were not of that white company that died for England, but we knew the sorrow of the women who mourned, and of the old who stood outside the fray, as we did ourselves.

This passage is followed by a neat row of four asterisks, and one's blushes are given time to subside. Yet not for long. We reach Constantinople. Mr. Yeats-Brown was assisted in his attempted escapes by Miss Evelyn Whittaker, subsequently Lady Paul. I do not know why, in *Golden Horn*, he has adopted for this reckless woman a pseudonym to which in *Bengal Lancer* he had no recourse. The name of Miss Whittaker deserves to be better known to her countrymen, since she accomplished marvels of courage and ingenuity. Yet she appears in *Golden Horn* as "The White Lady," a sentimentalism induced, doubtless, by the contiguous association of Florence Nightingale. "The White Lady," we read, "had one of those inspirations which alter the lives of men." Here you get, in one phrase, chivalry, reticence, and manliness. It is a ghastly phrase. Yet it is as nothing compared to Mr. Yeats-Brown's *finale*:

> For other boys and girls the reality of the Child will come. For me the Bambino is merely an image reflecting the love of the little brother of Saint Francis who fashioned him so well, and the affection of those who for five centuries have brought their homage here. The vision of childhood is denied me now. I have changed, but He is constant in His high Church overlooking Rome.

Now, either Mr. Yeats-Brown is sincere in these outbursts of rhetoric or he is not sincere. If sincere, then he is afflicted by a most tiresome superficiality of mind. If insincere, then he has committed a gross intellectual indecency. And I believe him to be quite sincere. I am prepared to believe, even, that Mr. Yeats-Brown has not yet discovered in what compartment of himself his essential talents and sincerities lie hid.

* * *

The authors and publishers of best-sellers are, perhaps inevitably, convinced that those who fail to echo the plaudits of the crowd are moved to this aloofness either by fastidious conceit or by the even baser promptings of human jealousy. This view, I feel, is much exaggerated. I am, myself, conscious of no prejudice against Mr. Yeats-Brown's material victories; yet I am conscious of much irritation at his intellectual defeats. Clearly he is talented, honest, and agreeable. He should do better. I have a feeling that it is all the fault of his box. For in *Bengal Lancer* he referred to the "ivory box where my reels of memory are stored." It is indeed of ivory—*candenti perfecta nitens elephanto*. It would be unkind to complete the quotation. Yet I beg Mr. Yeats-Brown to acquire for his reels of memory a receptacle of common horn.

HAROLD NICOLSON.

"THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING"

Days with the French Romantics in the Paris of 1830. By PHILIP CARR. Methuen. 15s.

It was in the year 1903. I was working at the Fulham Theatre, which is not far from The Pines, Putney; and Mr. Watts-Dunton, who had been to see my production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, asked me to come to The Pines and have a cup of tea with him; which I did.

Taking tea, I sat in Mr. Watts-Dunton's study—aware that over my head was, either seated, or reclining, or walking up and down, the great Algernon Charles Swinburne. Not that I had read much of his verse or that, if I had read it, I should have responded to it—for I was never of a very literary temperament. But especially at that time was I of a very theatrical temperament. Hence the thrilled state into which I worked myself, as I gulped down the Watts-Dunton tea, realising that above was a Figure (by this time I had him flying round the room) and that at any moment the door might burst open and the wind waft him over the table and possibly up the chimney or out of the window.

And ere long, I heard Mr. Watts-Dunton saying: "I think Mr. Swinburne will wish to see you."

"Wish to see me!" I thought. "I hope he doesn't wish to see me."

But sure enough, Mr. Watts-Dunton rose to his feet and opened the door, where he stood waiting for me to pass through. I passed through. He then drove me upstairs, opened a door—and there was Mr. Swinburne.

To-day I can see him quite well—I can even hear him . . . not his voice, so much as a certain flapping noise which he made with his hands on his knees when he grew excited—at least he did so that day.

I sat down in a corner, under a small corner-cupboard—on a chair, I suppose. Mr. Swinburne was in front of me; and I remember hearing him say, before long: "Mr. Watts-Dunton, have you told Mr. Craig of my discovery of the French writer who knew the works of Shakespeare before Voltaire?"

Mr. Watts-Dunton murmured something, and I mumbled something, feeling extremely uncomfortable. Mr. Swinburne had leapt to his feet, and was climbing up the wall to get a book from the little shelf over my head. He seized it lightly, with extreme agility, and descending, began to tell me all about this Frenchman who had discovered Shakespeare before Voltaire did so.

To this day I don't know who the man was, but I am reminded of it by reading the first line of chapter four in Mr. Carr's captivating book which says: "Of course Voltaire had discovered Shakepeare first."

But whoever it was in France who first found the jewel, it was the Romantics who picked it up.

Who were the Romantics, and when exactly did they live? Mr. Philip Carr, knowing that we in England talk about foreigners without knowing much about them, is careful to add plenty of dates to the facts which he relates; and the dates don't make things at all dull.

It took some of all nations to make the French Romanticism of 1830—the thing Mr. Carr describes, and describes so very well. But then, perhaps I don't read him too well—perhaps I misinterpret him: for after having enjoyed every page of his book (there is not a dull one in it) I still remained a bit puzzled as to who it was or what it was that, if eliminated from the story, would have prevented the whole thing.

I trace back from Gautier (born 1811), to Musset (1810), to Dumas (1802), Hugo (1892), Heine (1799). Omit these, and would Romanticism have come about? Surely. Yet one is apt to suppose that they were the fruit, flowers, roots and all. Then Balzac (1799), de Vigny (1797), Lamartine (1790)—none of these seems to me essential.

We reach Byron (1788), Edmund Kean (1787), Stendhal (1783), Scott (1771), and we are getting nearer the roots . . . but it seems to me that it is only when we reach 1769 and Bonaparte—the big trunk of the tree—that the thing that bears up all the rest is discovered. Bonaparte, who at the age of twenty-five does the impossible—the incredible . . . he and his army—the divine soldiers.

And before Napoleon—twenty years before him—there had been Goethe; and over 100 years before Goethe, had been Shakespeare, and Henri IV of France. All these had lent a hand in 1830.

But it was not alone Germany, France and England that had brought the French Romantics of 1830 into being: Italy—and surely Spain . . . briefly, the whole world—had seen to it. Am I right, or have I misinterpreted Mr. Carr?

Anyhow, this whole world was in the library at the Arsenal in Paris, where Charles Nodier had been vainly trying, since 1801, to put his books in order, and to impress his friends with the fact that Shakespeare was a crazy fellow, extraordinarily like Napoleon Bonaparte in spirit. But it was only in 1827 that the band struck up. Paris was alive again, and all the old forces and beliefs had begun to glow with the old, eternal fire, when Kemble and Kean came to Paris and brought to life, on the stage of the Odéon, the half-heroic, half-human Shakespearean beings.

* * *

It was perceived with joy by all sorts of people in Paris, that Romanticism was not Rationalism, even as Blossom is not Blight.

Romanticism could write, paint, compose (was there a Romantic architecture, I wonder); but it could also eat, drink and sing. It was physically powerful. It was funny, as well as sad—and it was always serious. Its belief in life everlasting was firm, but it had a strange premonition of coming disasters—of Count Tolstoy and the Watch Committee of Whitstable.

Not so soft and soppy were these Romantics as we might suppose. They nearly all seem to have lived to splendid ages. Balzac, dying at fifty-one, was one of the youngest. Berlioz who, when one thinks of his life, one imagines was snuffed out in very brief time, lived on till sixty-six: Chateaubriand lived till eighty, Daumier till seventy-one, Delacroix till sixty-five, Dumas till sixty-eight, Hugo, Ingres, the two Isabeys, Jules Janin, Deschamps, Thiers, Guizot, till past eighty; and Lami and Baron Taylor lived to ninety. Even Frédérick Lemaître reached seventy-six, and Gautier sixty-one: Edmond de Goncourt lived till seventy-four; and dozens of them till between fifty and sixty.

Queer and crazy were the Romantics, perhaps: and now that I come to think of it, people speak of the young generation of to-day as being queer and crazy . . . the thunder on the left is still criticised by the kettledrums on the right.

Philip Carr, in the eighteen nineties, was considered odd—so was Beardsley: Joe Comyns Carr, a generation earlier than both, was as Romantic as Sainte-Beuve: and to-morrow there will be just as many Romantics as in the days of Julius Caesar and Nero.

And it is Mr. Carr's fascinating book which gives you this very pleasing, very solid impression that Romanticism is perennial as the rhododendrons of Wessex.

EDWARD GORDON CRAIG.

GOD, MAN, AND BOLSHEVISM

Economic Conditions in the U.S.S.R. Kniga. 4s.

Soviet Russia and the World. By MAURICE DOBB, M.A. Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d.

Bolshevism: Theory and Practice. By WALDEMAR GURIAN. Translated by E. I. WATKIN. Sheed and Ward. 10s. 6d.

Red Russia. By THEODOR SEIBERT. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

Protection of Women and Children in Soviet Russia. By ALICE WITHROW FIELD. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

Pictures of Russia in its thousand aspects still crowd in upon us. They are red, or rosy, white, black or grey, according to the principles, the prejudices or the experiences of the author, and most of them, if due allowance is made for bias, can be studied with profit. Of the books in the list before us, the first is a publication of the U.S.S.R. Chamber of Commerce, designed as a "handbook for foreign economists, specialists and workers," and it contains a mass of interesting information not only on economic matters, but on social, cultural and political developments in the Soviet Union. It is a very useful piece of work, though as an official publication it naturally has the defects of its qualities. Mr. Dobb has managed to pack a great deal of good stuff into his little volume. He brings out the salient features of the Five Year Plan, its aims and successes and difficulties; he puts the whole enterprise in its necessary historical setting (necessary, that is, from the Communist point

of view); and he throws light on certain problems—that of personal liberty, for example—which vex the western observer.

Mrs. Field, an American expert, gives a highly favourable view of the special question which she has investigated in Moscow. Only the blindest adversaries of the Soviet regime deny the immense progress that has been made in the care of women and children, though many profess anxiety about the goal. The children's crèches, the marriage and divorce laws, the general emancipation of women—is all this a deliberate attempt to destroy the home and the family? Mrs. Field does not believe that it is, nor that it would succeed if it was. She has a particularly interesting chapter on abortion and birth control—and it would have been more interesting still had she not been forced to cut part of it out in order to satisfy the American laws on the dissemination of contraceptive methods. She does, however, explain very clearly the paradox of abortion in the Soviet Union—the apparent approval by the State of a practice which it strongly disapproves. Abortion is legalised because that is judged to be a more hopeful way of controlling and reducing it than mere interdiction. Actually the mortality and suffering from the operation have been greatly lessened by its performance under proper conditions in the public hospitals instead of by the crude hands of ignorant amateurs. Abortion is not permitted, save in exceptional circumstances, in the case of first pregnancies, and the doctors are using their efforts to discourage it in all cases.

The other two books in the list (both translated, and well translated, from the original German editions) are full-dress attacks on Bolshevism. Dr. Gurian is a Russian educated in Germany, and steeped in Christian philosophy. Herr Seibert is a journalist who spent four years (from 1925 to 1929) in the U.S.S.R., and is very conscious of his knowledge of the country and very contemptuous of those who presume to pass judgment upon it on the strength of a shorter acquaintance. He does, naturally, know a great deal, and some of his criticisms are pertinent and fair. Others are unfair, and even silly, or out of date. Who is going to believe that the "main object" of the soviets—the system of elected councils running from the factory, the village or the town up to the whole Union of republics, is "to humbug the foreign proletariat"? What warrant has he for saying that the Young Communist League is a hotbed of sexual orgies, and that "in these circles it is by no means unusual for a girl to have abortion procured several times in a year"? Was the "five-day week" (which Herr Seibert talks of in the present tense, though it has been abandoned for the six-day week) really established primarily to promote atheism? And who, pray, is "the average Russian" who, we are told, "is having a worse time than he had in the days of the Tsars"?

But the gravamen of Herr Seibert's charge against the Bolsheviks, as of Dr. Gurian's, is something more serious. Neither is a champion of the old order, and both allow that there are some good features in the new. But their acid test is freedom, and it is the lack of freedom that in their view vitiates the whole theory and practice of Bolshevism. They see the Communist Party not merely as the intolerant, dogmatic, and ruthless organisation that it plainly is, but as the instrument of a tyranny which intrudes into and corrupts every department of life, which cannot be relaxed, which must go from bad to worse, because both its basis and its ideals are false. Herr Seibert is an individualist who believes that the Socialist state must be a slave state. Dr. Gurian is a Catholic who regards any compromise between Christianity and Communism as impossible; and since he assumes that any sound human society must be rooted in Christianity, or, at any rate, in some spiritual religion, Communism, which has expunged God, is doomed to failure.

Yet there seems room for doubt about all these vaticinations. Is the denial of freedom, considerable though it may be, so absolute as these critics assert? Does the tyranny feel so galling to the Russian workers and peasants as it looks to foreign intellectuals? Are there not certain liberties enjoyed in the Soviet Union which are not enjoyed in the West? May there not be (as Mr. Dobb points out) another kind of freedom—a collective as opposed to an individualist freedom—which is being developed in Russia? And why should an iron dictatorship persist for ever—in defiance of the Marxian theory? Herr Seibert himself believes that the young generation, whose power he acknowledges, will presently work changes. That is highly probable, and there seems no reason why one of the changes should not be an enlargement of liberty in directions which he would approve, though it is unlikely that there will be any voluntary return to capitalism. As for atheism, it has not yet ousted religion from Russia, and it may well be that it never will do so. But suppose it did? There are many people outside Russia, and outside the Communist ranks, who would demur to the view that a frankly materialist society is incapable of a vigorous life and high civilisation. Meanwhile, though we can understand a devout Catholic like Dr. Gurian asserting that it is the Church and not Bolshevism which is "fighting for humanity," we are puzzled by his statement that the Church "rejects capitalism."

C. M. L.

ABOUT BOOKS

The Fear of Books. By HOLBROOK JACKSON. Soncino Press. 21s.

Points, 1874-1930. By PERCY H. MUIR. Constable. 21s.

Binding Variants, 1820-1900. By JOHN CARTER. Constable. 21s.

Modern First Editions. By G. H. FABES and W. A. FOYLE. 2nd and 3rd series. Foyle. 15s. each.

Eden Phillpotts: Bibliography. By PERCIVAL HINTON. Worthington. 30s.

Ex Libris Carissimis. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.

A Guide to the Best Fiction, English and American, Including Translations From Foreign Languages. By G. A. BAKER and J. PACKMAN. Routledge. 42s.

It may not be possible reasonably to defend the passions of the bibliophile, bibliographer, bibliomaniac, bibliomath, or of other categories of human beings who take an unending and careful delight in all that concerns the making of books: nor, thank heaven! is such rational defence necessary. There are enough of us to take in one another's misprints, and we will not blench at all when confronted by numismatists, economists, antiquarians, archæologists, psychologists, or philatelists, while we scoff merrily at the doubtful pleasures of entomologists and anthropologists or of those whose occupation I saw grimly summed up in a poster last Sunday morning—"Watching Cricket for Thirty-six Years." For, after all, your book-collector and book-lover is perforce brought into some contact with the greatest material for thought that our race has invented. He may neglect his opportunities; but even if he collect only dictionaries or cookery-books, he has the chance of improving his mind and collecting what may, if he be of a missionary temperament, improve the minds of others.

All the books on my table will enchant or engage, for amusement, approval or criticism, the attention of all who care for books; most of them are for readers who care to learn the little things about books. Mr. Holbrook Jackson's lively volume is a kind of appendix to his great work, *The Anatomy of Bibliomania*. Here he discusses, with shrewdness, wit and copious illustration, those odd people who are foes to books, and, often enough, in their enmity write more books which we who love books cherish under the sanction of the wide charity of the book-lover. It grieves me that the book should itself contain a grave bibliographical flaw. Opposite the title on the bastard title-page is a statement that "this edition of *The Fear of Books* is limited to 2000 copies numbered 1 to 2000 and 48 special copies signed by the author and printed on J. Barcham Green's hand-made paper numbered I to XLVIII": yet this copy, which has certainly been printed, bears no number. Limited editions should, if each copy is numbered, be strictly confined to the number stated: if more are printed, so that poor reviewers should have copies, this should be stated, and these presentation copies have a statement that they are "out of series." No doubt, in future, ingenious booksellers will ask an advanced price for such copies as this, with no number-plate; but this possibility of rarity is no consolation to the true bibliographer. Mr. Jackson classifies his subject conveniently, and I conclude that most of his bibliophobes are not so much enemies of books in general (as are certain women, slaves to decoration and fearful of dust) as enemies of books that contain what they deem to be deleterious—heresy, improprieties, obscenities or spiritual poison. Really, therefore, their dislike is of certain authors rather than of books, and here it may be possible to agree with them. There are authors whom it is right to detest. Some of these are mentioned, rather too kindly, in Mr. Jackson's book, of which I can make no complaint save that the index is inadequate.

The next four books are devoted to details, and will be as irresistible to the book-lover as are notes on vintages and chateaux to the oinophilist. Mr. Foyle and Mr. Fabes are too detailed. No doubt the young and venturous book-collector, who buys for a rise, will be glad to learn the approximate values of his modern first editions: but fashion, the exchange, and the economic situation may at any moment make nonsense of these figures. Their bibliographical notes are good, though sometimes more positive than the facts will warrant; for instance, I remember a copy of the first issue of Dowson's *La Fille aux Yeux d'Or*, bound in purple cloth. Mr. Fabes is sometimes too pessimistic: he writes, of *Just-So Stories*, "invariably copies of the first issue are found with the lettering and decorations on the spine rubbed away"; but my copy, though not so fresh as when I had it for review, is not in such bad condition as he describes.

Mr. Muir's and Mr. Carter's volumes belong to that splendid series of "Studies in Book History and Book Structure" edited by Mr. Michael Sadleir. Mr. Muir's essay on the problems presented to the book collector is extremely sound, argumentative without anger, and always giving reasons for the decisions made—his defence of what may be called the more orthodox use of the words "edition," "issue," and "impression" is excellent and may be taken as finally settling this troublesome business. In his notes on particular books Mr. Muir is often contented with argument from deduction when direct information on the points at issue is available. There is, for instance, no question that the first issue of Max Beerbohm's *John Bull's Other Island* was in book form; review copies of *Mr. Clutterbuck's Election* were in the binding described as the first by Mr. Muir; and review copies, at least those sent to London papers, are practically always the earliest form of a book. Bibliographers of modern books might make more use of this fact, for there must be a good many reviewers whose libraries consist chiefly of review copies. Mr. Carter's volume is concerned with the entrancing subject of how our books got covers. All book-lovers were taught years ago to insist that only those books were "bound" which were properly sewn on tapes, and the spines made flexible: books bound otherwise, in however magnificent a material, were only cased. I was never quite happy about this purism; for, after all, some of the greatest books have been bound in oak or other wood, and no ingenuity can made a wooden back part of the book. So here, following on Mr. Sadleir's masterly monograph on the *Evolution of Publishers' Styles*, comes Mr. Carter's detailed essay on variants in binding in the last eighty years of last century, the period during which English publishers abandoned the less permanent casings of boards, or paper, and adopted the cloth binding in all its varieties. The essay and the notes on specific books could not be better. Mr. Hinton's bibliography of writings of Mr. Phillpotts' is a thorough piece of work: it commands our awe and admiration for that novelist's power of work. Mr. Christopher Morley's book is a pleasant, chatty series of lectures on books and bookmen; it will remind older readers of the delightful essays in which Andrew Lang used to share with his readers the treasures of his library.

The new and greatly enlarged edition of Mr. Baker's guide-book seems to me a sad example of industry misdirected. The book would be better if it did not include translations, and if its critical notes, mostly of an incredible poverty, were altogether omitted. What possible value can attach to the opinion of one who finds Miss Rebecca West's *The Judge* "very similar" to her *The Return of the Soldier*? Mr. Baker and Mr. Packman occasionally interpret "fiction" far too widely, including Moore's *Confessions* and Landor's *Pericles and Asparic*. Also, it is impossible to discover any guiding principle of selection. Mr. Machen's best novels are not mentioned, nor Pauline Smith's only novel, nor Edna Ferber's early work. Then why, if we are to have the moderns at all, do we look in vain for such names as Mary Butts, H. A. Manhood, Djuna Barnes, L. Steni? Among more traditional writers of to-day, there are some amazing omissions—I have looked in vain for such remarkable authors as Edith Olivier, Sylvia Townsend Warner, Hilda Vaughan, Elizabeth Bibesco, Du Bose Heyward, Myron Brinig and Adrian Bell. It is small comfort to find instead Margaret Roberts, William Stearns Davis, Nat Gould, Phillips Oppenheim and Wymond Carey. This is a useful volume for conducting a search among the forgotten novelists of the nineteenth century; but as a guide to the best fiction either of the past or the present, it has only the merits of an incomplete and capricious catalogue.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

DECLINE AND FALL

Tragic America. By THEODORE DREISER. Constable. 10s.
Devil Take the Hindmost. By EDMUND WILSON. Scribners. 10s. 6d.

Never has a superb subject been more maltreated than in *Tragic America*. Mr. Dreiser has undertaken to explain how America, inheriting one of the most favoured and fruitful areas of the world's surface, has quickly come to such a pass that a conservative Virginia gentleman on the Wickersham Law Enforcement Committee could describe his countrymen's achievements in these words: "They have exploited these resources for private gain to an extent which, in some instances at least, already threatens exhaustion . . . They have developed degrading slums in the cities and ignorant, under-privileged areas in the rural districts . . . They have so organised and developed their industrial system that it tends to make of man himself a cog in a relentless machine, without the inspiration of personal achievement or the contentment which springs from social and economic security. They have created the largest body of laws and the most complex system of government now in existence as restraints and controls upon individual and social conduct, but every stage in their development has been characterised by a large and ever-increasing degree of lawlessness and crime. They have engaged in at least one war in every generation." A great book could be written on this subject, and Mr. Dreiser brings to the task a just indignation, a zeal to better the life of man, and a wide, eager experience of working-class and lower middle-class conditions in America. Unhappily, he also brings an unusual ignorance of American history, a confused, commonplace mind, and prejudices that prevent him from using his artist's imagination on any person or institution he dislikes. And he dislikes most people and all existing institutions, except those of Russia. These shortcomings are mirrored in Mr. Dreiser's style. The sentences stumble and drag like wounded animals, and often end by lying down dejectedly to die. The metaphors are seldom striking, but often absurd, as when politicians are called swine whose one object is to fleece the people.

The reader's faith in the statistics which crowd this book cannot help being weakened by some of the mis-statements of well-known historical fact. For example, Mr. Dreiser writes: "Americans in 1787 blazed out a unanimously willed democracy—a Russian Communism of that day." In fact, the leaders of America in 1787 were very nearly unanimous in hating democracy. Washington, John Adams, Madison, Marshall, Hamilton, Charles Pinckney, Gouverneur Morris, Fisher Ames—they all disliked democracy and did their best to save their country from it. Even Jefferson only believed in it for a purely agrarian society. Democracy came to America with the rise of the new West in the 'thirties and 'forties. What trust can be put in the historian who contradicts such plain facts? And faith in Mr. Dreiser's judgment becomes as difficult as faith in his knowledge, when he makes a statement such as this: "I proclaim that every man and woman who is loyal to God as opposed to organised society, its necessities and benefits, is either mentally incompetent or a faker."

In spite of these defects, however, *Tragic America* is an arresting book. The story is so terrible and so ironic, the moral so clear, that even stuttered by a peevish barbarian it remains impressive.

Devil Take the Hindmost is a less ambitious work than *Tragic America*. It seeks, by a choice of significant details, to characterise the present debacle in the United States, and the historical causes are only present by implication. But Mr. Wilson can suggest more in a page than Mr. Dreiser can scream in a chapter. The most deadly attack ever made on the ideals and pretences of post-war America is a brief section of this book entitled The Best People. And the attack is made more effective by the reader's knowledge that Mr. Wilson sees what is good in America as well as what is disgusting. In a section called Tennessee Agrarians, he makes affectionate fun of a side of American life whose decline is the nation's true tragedy. But the prevailing note of Mr. Wilson's book is one of controlled and thoughtful rage that scars the mind, as in the description of the opening of the Empire State Building.

It is a harsh comment on the American experiment that these two writers, so different in mind and background, agree in their verdict that no good can come of the present United States, that it must all be scrapped and a communistic society built in its place. They are wrong to be so hopeless, yet it is hard to blame their desire to flee from the present graceless tragedy.

HERBERT AGAR.

THE CORPSE OF FERNEY

Voltaire. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Translated by HAMISH MILES. Peter Davies. 5s.

Voltaire is as clear-cut as his writings. There is only one Voltaire, whom biographers have liked or disliked according to their temperament. It is possible, theoretically, for a reader to admire his courage and humanism, and to dislike the man; but in practice it will be found that personal antipathy is carried over into criticism of his work, and that to such a reader even *Candide* will appear vulgar and trivial under the enamel of its style. How easy it is, without going too far from the facts, to portray a man of disgusting habits and mean intellect, whose courage was little more than vain cowardly swagger, and whose fight against oppression cloaked motives of self-display and the grudge of a weakling against society! A study of the mass of literature that has been piled up round the Calas case is interesting for the light it throws on the attitude of subsequent critics towards Voltaire: he is the hero or the villain of the piece according to which side the critic takes. Only his wit and his success remain undisputed. And yet for the average onlooker, who does not involve himself in more than a grinning sympathy, Voltaire changes little. There was just enough of the charlatan in him for his character to improve, to fill out rather more (if the phrase is not incongruous) the more abuse is hurled at him. He is one of those types in the history of literature, whom successive generations enrich with an advancement of his own attitude, so that, like Byron, who is the type of the cynical-romantic poet, he becomes increasingly typical and at the same time original. The appearance, in our own time, of Anatole France and Mr. Bernard Shaw confirms Voltaire and at the same time sends us back to him with heightened respect.

A "new" biography of Voltaire seems out of the question: we want the old story smoothed out by repetition, and that M. Maurois has done for us in his sketch of Voltaire, which is excellently translated by Mr. Hamish Miles. Probably he says nothing that has not been said before; he provides no explanation or theory (obviously it is not wanted); but the effect of his book is to make us know Voltaire a little better. His small space has actually helped him, because he is not held up by long conversations or the discussion of minor works, and because he can characterise Voltaire at pivotal points in life and quickly pass on. He leaves out innumerable facts and puts a telling anecdote in their place. The result is an immensely readable and lively little book which, despite its sketchiness, misses little that is essential. Those eighty-three years of activity seem more than ever alive, like the plants that grow in five minutes on a movie screen: Voltaire is born sickly, gets his education from astonished Jesuits, captures society, loves "the divine Emilie," loses her, retires to Ferney, and makes his astonishing triumphal return to Paris—all in the course of a few chapters. M. Maurois paints in jaunty and sympathetic colours the progress of the "corpse" becoming diabolically negligent of its own decay, walking gleefully "along the path of truth—with a sneer." One brief passage will perhaps give the outline of M. Maurois' picture:

> Legend is not wrong in seeing the Voltaire of Ferney as the true Voltaire. Before Ferney, what was he? A very famous poet and playwright, a much-discussed historian, a populariser of science: France regarded him as a brilliant writer, not as an intellectual force. It was Ferney that freed him, and so made him great. Under cover of his quadrilateral of "dens" he was now to have the daring to say everything. The battle for freedom of thought which his friends the Encyclopædists had engaged upon, and could not carry on in Paris without danger, was to be directed by him from his retreat. To that struggle he contributed wit and fancy, an infinite variety in forms, a deliberate uniformity in ideas . . .

M. Maurois has succeeded in giving us again the Voltaire of legend. It is so impossible to disagree with him that one presumes legend is right.

AFTER RUSKIN

Oscar Wilde: Recollections. By CHARLES RICKETTS. Nonesuch Press. 15s.

Selwyn Image, Letters. Edited by A. H. MACKMURDO. Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.

Books these are to read on an island, if on an island the reader could forget for a few hours the troubles of the present disorderly world. It seems strange indeed now to think that Wilde's intellectual energy, tiring of the artificial arrangement in blue china, peacock feathers, perfumes and words that he had made as a setting for his life, had to seek disorder in vicious living and a wicked condescension to the debased and the venal. Selwyn Image, a man of exquisite taste and sensibility, was a man of less vehemence, and had less interest in the world against which he made his patterns; so, until the war came, he could preserve, as did most of his contemporaries, the illusion that the civilisation which dominated Europe was a civilisation of order. The illusion was the stranger because these men were both disciples of John Ruskin, who knew even better than Carlyle, and felt as violently as William Morris, the huge pretence of capitalist society. Wilde and Image each knew well enough that Ruskin in his social teaching was at any rate always right in his denunciations; neither had that fierce, atrocious, æsthetic frivolity that possessed Whistler—each knew that, supreme over all arts, is the art of living, whilst Europe, through its negligence of that art, was sick to death. There is the real tragedy of the 'nineties. The craft of life, as expressed by peasants, scholars, some artists, some men of business, was still (and is still) properly practised; but the philosophers and poets, let alone the statesmen, had no idea how badly they applied to their art the craft of those others, how parasitical was their hold on society.

The few men who did realise this in the years 1870–1900 were nearly all Socialists of one kind and another; and Wilde, in his fine essay, *The Soul of Man Under Socialism*, showed how quickly a poet could see wherein lay the strength of the Socialist doctrine, and wherein its weakness. Image's letters do not betray that he, in spite of his friendship with that militant fighter Stewart Headlam, had much interest in a new political order. This selection, made by Mr. Mackmurdo, will be welcome, to all who loved *The Hobby Horse*, as the record of a man who devoted his life to beauty. We should have liked a rather fuller biographical note than we have here; the letters do not explain how Image came to find his life as a priest impossible, though they show that his discovery entailed no quarrel with Christianity and no severance from friends such as Headlam. The distinction in the letters is genuine but a little thin; the personality behind them is charming, but without much force. Throughout them runs his

Neat & Trim!

TAKE your ease how you will, you enjoy it more by wearing a neat and silky "LUVISCA" Shirt and Soft Collar. The fabric, not only silky in appearance, but fine and strong, is coloured in a variety of modern designs. The garments are tailored for good fit, thorough comfort and steady service. Leading Hosiers, Stores and Outfitters will gladly show you a wide selection. British Manufacture.

LOOK FOR THE REGD TAB: Luvisca COURTAULDS

"Luvisca" REG'D SHIRTS SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS

Ask for and see you get "LUVISCA." There is nothing just-as-good. If any difficulty in obtaining, write COURTAULDS, Ltd. (Dept. 143M), 16 St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of your nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

conviction of the unity of Art. When he was standing for the Slade Professorship at Oxford he wrote:

> I confess that to my mind it doesn't seem to matter a straw whether the Professor is an architect, or a painter, or a sculptor, or a jeweller, or a cabinet-maker, or a blacksmith, or practitioner in any other art that may be named. The thing is, has he a sense of Art as a whole, some decent knowledge of it, a belief in its importance to the world, and more or less ability to commend this belief to others? . . . there is only one Art, and its name is Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, Metal-work, Embroidery, Pottery, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

Ricketts' memories of Wilde are cast into the form of letters and dialogues in which he, an imaginary Frenchman, Jean Paul Raymond, and others discuss Wilde's character and fate. Evidently to Ricketts, an artist of rare quality and judgment, Wilde never displayed that arrogance of temper, that gross pride which others saw in him after his success. At the Vale Wilde found a singleness of purpose, a whole-hearted devotion to work, to modesty of living, and a certain asceticism of mind and body which he, so hopelessly ensnared by the vices and vulgarities of the world, must have despondently envied. As always, Ricketts writes here with a fine sharpness, a keenness of mind that make even his more trivial recollections worth recording. He puts Wilde's work higher than most critics would do; but this may serve to balance the extreme depreciation that has followed here on European over-praise. He quotes an interesting comment of Wilde's on Beardsley's illustrations to Salomé:

> He would say "My Herod is like the Herod of Gustave Moreau—wrapped in his jewels and sorrows. My Salomé is a mystic, the sister of Salammbô, a Sainte Thérèse, who worships the moon; dear Aubrey's designs are like the naughty scribbles a precocious schoolboy makes on the margin of his copy-books." . . . "Yes, dear Aubrey is always too Parisian, he cannot forget he has been to Dieppe once!" . . . His first estimate of "Salomé" was, I think, that of a mere *jeu d'esprit* which would interest the French and charm his friends. When he presented me with the purple-bound copy, it was with these words, "You do not know that since we last met I have become a famous French author!" . . . Wilde's estimate of Salomé changed, the interest it excited was immense; even then a halo of misrepresentation surrounded it, and the author now spoke of his play as "A wonderful bas-relief, the ordinary Englis play being like a popular Academy picture." When readin "Salomé" to Sarah Bernhardt she exclaimed, "Mais, c'est héral dique, on dirait une fresque," and for days both author and actress discussed the pitch of voice required. "Le mot doit tomber comme une perle sur une disque de cristal, pas de mouvements rapides, des gestes stylisés." The music-hall tigress and blood-lust of the Continental stage is of German invention.

This book is finely produced by Mr. Meynell to be a perfect period piece; and the cover, though not, alas! vellum, has a magnificent design by Ricketts, gold on white linen, which will bear comparison with his cover for *The Sphinx*, the most beautiful book of one of the golden periods of book-production.

THE FIRST EARL STANHOPE

Stanhope. By BASIL WILLIAMS. Oxford University Press. Milford. 18s.

The public at large—that is, the very small fragment of it which takes the trouble to know history even inaccurately—has a peculiarly erroneous idea of the character and achievements of James, first Earl Stanhope. It gives him credit for the capture of Minorca, but it fancies that he tarnished his glory by losing the battle of Brihuega and thus nullifying the "brilliant" exploits of Peterborough; it regards him as an intriguer who, in 1717, jealously deprived England of the services of Walpole and Townshend; and often, confusing him with his cousin Charles (about whom also it is confused), it imagines that he was involved in shady transactions in connection with the South Sea Bubble, that he managed to procure an equally shady acquittal, and that, to crown all his iniquities, he contrived an opportune death which enabled him to escape the penalties of his transgressions.

To all such people this admirable work of Professor Williams will come as a salutary shock. It will reveal to them a man whose memory ought to be held in special honour as that of one of the greatest and best statesmen England has ever had, to whose forethought and vigilance it is mainly due that we came safely through a series of dangers hardly to be paralleled in our history, and who, though not without his faults, which Mr. Williams makes no attempt to disguise, maintained his integrity in an age of corruption, and kept a straight path in an age of tortuous and shifting policy. This book, though rather loosely and obscurely written, contains the clearest and best narrative we know of the tangled time between 1710 and 1720, when it is not too much to say that the destinies of England hung on a thread.

What gives Stanhope his distinction among his contemporaries is this, that he was a firm believer in the necessity of the Protestant Succession, and was fixed in his resolve at all hazards to maintain it. In his youth he had been one of the chief agents in the expulsion of James II., and he never for an instant wavered in the determination to prevent the return of James III. Unlike so many others, he was under no temptation to "hedge"; unlike Marlborough, he opened no correspondence with the Stuarts; he had none of the feeble doubts of Harley; and, though always a friend of Bolingbroke, detested his intrigues with the Pretender. Thus, alike in war and in diplomacy, his ideas were clear and his acts vigorous and decided. To him, more than to any other, we owe the suppression of the rebellion of 1715, and his unwearied exertions in maintaining friendship with France—his actual visits to Paris with this end in view are almost innumerable—laid the foundation of that pacific policy which, continued by Walpole, contributed so largely to the maintenance of the dynasty and the consequent prosperity of England.

Mr. Williams wisely deserts chronological order in order to keep the story of these negotiations apart from the narrative of the still more complicated wars, embassies and trade-quarrels in which, partly through the Hanoverian connection, we were engaged with Sweden, Denmark, and Russia. It is a great testimony to his skill that, under his guidance, we are able to detect coherence in this chaos; and, if we had to choose any part of his book for special praise, we should select the chapters in which he deals with "the minister of peace in the North." But scarcely less successful are those describing the efforts of Stanhope to do justice to the Dissenters and the Catholics without raising another Sacheverell storm—efforts which, as might be expected, ended in a compromise. Stanhope did not always move tactfully, nor did he attain what he wished; but, as in his foreign policy, he secured the main desideratum—tranquillity.

Agreement

On what a multitude of things does mankind differ! What arguments, coaxings, blusterings, yieldings, occur before even a semblance of agreement is reached. Yet life would lose its zest if all thought alike on all subjects.

In the great little things of daily life, however, more unanimity is tolerable. Who is prepared to deny that cleanliness of person is a necessity? Who does not look upon the bristly chin without grave doubts concerning the respectability of its owner? So, the more conventional of us choose our shaving aids with care, though we differ as to the best materials for this rite.

What is the best shaving soap? There is one that many men believe to be unsurpassed. You may like to consider their point of view. It may lead to more comfort in your morning shave. So, we suggest that you send for the tube mentioned below. It will be sufficient for a week's shaving. You will, we feel sure, be in agreement with its regular users that it cannot be excelled.

Send to Euthymol (Dept. 119 N) 50, Beak St., London, W.1., for free trial tube of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream; or buy the large tube from Chemists only at 1/6 each.

No small achievement, it will be admitted, for a man who died at forty-seven, and whose whole official career covered scarcely half a dozen years.

It remains to express our thanks to Mr. Williams for an eminently learned, sane, and well-balanced piece of biographical history.

SPANISH MONARCHY

Spain's Uncertain Crown. By ROBERT SENCOURT. Benn. 21s.

It is common for Englishmen who have forgotten their own corrupt kings and the troubles of an imperilled succession to regard with refined sorrow any foreign apostasy from the mystical cult of kingship. So Mr. Sencourt regards the departure of Alfonso XIII. The note of an outraged religious devotion enters his voice as he writes of Spanish kingship that "it had an Oriental quality which gave western Europe, and irradiated into the New World, a conception of nationalism not to be dissociated with spiritual mystery": and speaks of the "blameless Lady" and "intrepid Sovereign" suffering "in poverty" at Fontainebleau as if that spiritual mystery had been a living force throttled by demagogic grossness. Alas, this gallant and romantic view is hard to reconcile with Mr. Sencourt's own vivid, penetrating and candid account of the intrigues, amours, treacheries and murders which made the Spanish Court a sink of iniquity and the talk of Europe for a good part of the last hundred years. The story is a mixture of melodrama and the grubbiest kind of picaresque novel. Yet it is probably fitting that an historian should be dazzled by his material; and it is intelligible that a Republican atheist like Ferrer—whose connection with violence was never clearly established—should seem to Mr. Sencourt detestable and obscene; whereas of Isabel II at the time when she threw over Puig Moltó (the presumed father of Alfonso XII) for Martofiori, the son of a pastry cook, he can write that though drugged with sensuality, the slave of faction, indolent, impulsive, with no idea of how to reign—"how was it? . . . she was particularly regal."

The enemies of Alfonso XIII would be the first to agree that he has suffered as much for the sins of his fathers as for his own errors. What crimes in the name of constitutional monarchy that calamitous family brought upon the Spanish people: a French invasion, a civil war lasting for years, a foreign king, factions, and all the instability that springs from a succession which was over and over again in doubt and was always introduced under the Regency of strong-minded women. The Spanish Regencies were made for the corruption of politics. It can scarcely be wondered that the Spanish people who had occasionally prospered despite their rulers should draw the moral. Mr. Sencourt's narrative, certain lapses of rather florid phrasing apart, traces a fine path through this family confusion. The chief attraction of his book is its character sketches, most judiciously, wittily, and tolerantly rounded off. There are, at the beginning, the amiable Carlos IV leaving politics to Maria Luisa and her lover Godoy—that incredible ménage à trois with Napoleon playing sardonically over the frontier with its fortunes. Goya's pictures of the Royal family were no caricatures. Napoleon said of Maria Luisa that "her past and character were written on her face and it surpasses anything you dare imagine"; and Goya made her look like a harlot. Her son, Fernando VII, appears as a sharper, a liar, and a pimp. All the horrors that followed can be traced to this the most disgusting of the Bourbons. Producing an heir at last after bringing three wives to an early and childless death, Fernando dies and leaves Isabella under the Regency of his widow, who consoles herself with a corporal of the guard. Isabella, whose marriage was a result of one of those cynical international intrigues in which the English were outwitted by the French, has an impotent husband and ensures the succession by the aid of one of her loyal subjects—as Merimée said; and this heir, Alfonso XII, dying young after a life of open dissipation, is succeeded by an heir begotten within a few months of his deathbed. It is a sordid story but Mr. Sencourt is a humane historian and has a heart for private tragedy and regal weakness.

When he comes to Alfonso XIII he is, of course, unable to write with the same completeness or detachment, and the material is not yet available. He, therefore, tends to place undue emphasis of a very biased kind on politics. But his portrait of the King is on the whole fair, favourable, and certainly not uncritical. His imperiousness, his love of the Army, his impetuousness are duly noted, his indifference to the intellectuals whose influence on the forming of public opinion he underrated. The most dangerous defect was, as Mr. Sencourt penetratingly says, his lack of seriousness:

> The people who have survived the snow and sun of Spain, and breathe its winds of light, are robust, naive and affectionate. They are both conventional and serious. They are still haunted by the solemnity and romance of death. And when they are not religious, they have an almost tragic sense of the value of gravity. There in the heart of their grandeur, Don Alfonso somehow did not reach them.

On the other hand, Mr. Sencourt does not point out that the King, playing the politicians against the Army, was factious in the worst nineteenth-century tradition; yet he admits, quoting Maura, that untrustworthy and corrupt as the politicians might be, the King himself was impossible to trust.

It may be, as Mr. Sencourt suggests, that Spaniards will repent of their Republicanism. Spain is the country of the unforeseen. But on the subject of the Republic he is heavily biased. He is one of those who see no alternative to monarchy—even an untrustworthy, unconstitutional monarchy—but the mob. He even goes to the length of suggesting a connection between the revolutionaries and sexual excess! And his talk about the Republican "attack" on religious liberty is really too much. These defects apart, Mr. Sencourt's book is a brilliant reconstruction of a hundred years of Spanish history.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

SHORTER NOTICES

Alaric the Goth. By MARCEL BRION. Thornton Butterworth. 10s. 6d.

The vogue of popular imaginative history continues, and M. Brion's stirring story of Alaric is yet another attractive volume in this kind. M. Brion deals with his hero from the time when Rufinus chose him as a useful rival to Stilicho, to his death after the collapse of the armada with which he proposed to subject Africa. It may be that M. Brion idealises a little the Roman training of Alaric, but history as he tells it will give the general reader a better idea of the later barbarian invasions than would a history in which the partial Romanisation of the barbarians was ignored. It is not the destruction

Going to Devon or Cornwall?

then take

SIR HERBERT RUSSELL'S

delightful new book

THE DELECTABLE WEST

you could not have a better holiday companion

"What Mr. H. V. Morton has done for England, Scotland, and Wales, Sir Herbert Russell has done for these two counties."—SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH.

With 17 Splendid Photographs 6/- net

G. BELL & SONS

of the Empire that Alaric continually seeks, but the highest service under its ægis, and it is not till this service is denied him that he becomes the sacker of cities, and even then half-heartedly. As a popular study of the age in the Italian scene the book has much to commend it, for although a good deal of its narrative is imaginative it elaborates rather than distorts the documented facts. The translation by Mr. Frederick H. Martens is well done.

Lake Fishing for Salmon, Trout and Pike. By JOCK SCOTT. Routledge. 7s. 6d.

The author of this useful little guide to lake fishing as he himself practises it rather underestimates the literary attention that has been given to lake fishing. Nearly every work on salmon and trout fishing published recently has given at least one chapter and often more to our lakes. However, here is a handy book exclusively devoted to them, which, in spite of heterodoxy here and there, will give the tyro full particulars of equipment and methods and the class of water likely to give the best results under varying climatic and other conditions. The descriptions of casting are exceptionally clear, and the merits and demerits of rods and reels are described with vigour. The author knows his own mind and expresses his opinions without apology. His references, however, to those who, able to afford them, yet refuse to use fool-proof casting reels, might be countered by asking who, having acquired the skill to use simple tools, cares to forgo the use of them? Take skill from sport and in the end you kill it.

Akbar. By LAURENCE BINYON. Peter Davies. 5s.

Mr. Binyon could not have been allotted a more fascinating subject for his contribution to the Peter Davies biographies. Akbar is one of the greatest men of a great age and one of the few philosopher-kings known to history. No contrast could be more striking than that made by his intellectual liberalism and the obscurantism of contemporary rulers in sixteenth-century Europe. Within his assigned limits Mr. Binyon could not treat of Akbar the conqueror or administrator, nor could he discuss in detail the curious adventure of his composite Divine Faith. He is concerned rather with the man and his character, his wide interests, and his relations with the advisers whom he chose with a judgment rare among princes. Mr. Binyon rightly lays stress upon the extraordinary fact that Akbar, the most intellectual of Oriental monarchs, was illiterate. The book, as we should expect from its author, is a model of interpretation and selective skill.

The English Landscape. By K. CONYNGHAM GREENE. Nicholson and Watson. 12s. 6d.

Here is an ideal present for lovers of the English countryside. Mrs. Greene has made an excellent selection of lovely photographs, and this picture anthology is supported by an anthology of poem and prose passages in praise of the country. Her range of authors is a wide one—here are Flecker, and de la Mare, John Clare and Matthew Arnold, Mr. Baldwin and William Cobbett, Miss Sackville-West, Goldsmith, Alice Meynell and Robert Bridges. The publishers have done their part well, too.

Whitehead's Philosophy of Organism. By DOROTHY M. EMMET. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

This book is of great interest to anyone concerned with modern philosophy in general and of use to anyone who has struggled or intends to struggle with *Process and Reality*. Dr. Whitehead, with his knowledge of physics and mathematics, of the history of thought and religion and his appreciation of the arts, has done more than anyone of this generation to revive the ideal of the philosopher as a man of "universal mind," and it is of real importance that his philosophy, at once objective, relative and humanist, should be known outside academic circles. But he is far from easy to read, if only from his habit—thoroughly justified in the end—of making his own terminology. This is where Miss Emmet's book is useful; she seems to share with Whitehead a keen historical sense and the gift of the happy quotation which enliven her admirable analysis of the philosophy of organism. And if the reader is still a little uncertain about the exact status of the eternal objects and may yet wonder whether the compromise with idealism is entirely satisfactory, that is no fault of hers. *Process and Reality* should find many new readers.

Magazine Making. By JOHN BAKELESS. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

Mr. Bakeless succeeds in being at once technical and entertaining. He knows all about the editing and producing of magazines, and although his experience has been entirely in America he is so abounding in examples that the English reader will find him a valuable guide. He recognises, of course, that the magazine world has undergone a revolution in the past quarter-century. The editor has gone down before the manager, who, together with the advertiser and the "promotion" expert, has tended to assume dictatorial powers. As a result, we have a stricken field. Well-known monthlies are changed out of recognition and famous titles disappear, the American casualties having latterly been heavier than the English. Mr. Bakeless tells of magazines which, in happier times, could double or treble their circulation by means of a serial, not seldom a serious one. He notes that the *Atlantic Monthly* may get as many as 40,000 manuscripts in a year, and that one New York women's magazine is accustomed to the receipt of 14,000 letters a week. He quotes Mr. Kipling as saying to the owner of *McClure's*, which achieved an astounding success thirty years ago, "You are a dealer in brain futures." Mr. Bakeless cites some amusing instances of editorial blindness, but he should not say that the *Century* rejected FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyám*. The *Century*, now dead and gone, was not early enough for that.

My Tour in Portugal. By HELEN CAMERON GORDON (Lady Russell). Methuen. 12s. 6d.

In a day of continental travel Portugal seems to have been strangely neglected by tourists; yet as Lady Russell demonstrates in this lively account of her own tour it has many attractions, not the least being the friendliness of its people towards the English, with whom they have had so many historical contacts. Lady Russell describes the country and its people, its famous towns and monuments, always with an eye to their history especially as it is associated with our own. Her narrative is illuminated throughout by interesting local legends, and we are given a charming account of the English merchants of Oporto, borrowed from the novelist Diniz, the "Portuguese Dickens." The great wealth of Portugal in the day of its Imperial expansion is reflected in its monuments, many illustrations of which adorn the book.

Sicily. By GABRIEL FAURE. Medici Society. 7s. 6d.

Sicily, a land rich in the architecture of the ages and upon which Greek and Roman, Saracen and Norman have left their mark, lends itself peculiarly to the format of the Medici Society's "Picture Guides" series to which this is the latest addition. The illustrations are varied and numerous, not the least interesting being those of the great Greek temples, which even in ruin still bear witness to the splendour of the Sicilian colonies. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the austere majesty of Doric architecture should have blinded M. Faure to the charm of the Baroque churches and fountains, which in the illustrations lend an air of gaiety to the Norman and Saracenic scene in which they are set. M. Faure writes agreeably of the land and its people, and his little book should do much to attract visitors to the wonderful island.

S.O.S.

The Life-Boat Service is rich in the tradition of splendid endeavour and self-sacrifice.

62,800 lives have been saved—and a call of distress never goes unheeded. Will you play your part in maintaining this tradition—so that every S.O.S. shall always be answered? Every year the Life-Boat Service needs 1,000,000 contributions of 5/- each.

WILL YOU SEND

5/-

TO-DAY.

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION, LIFE-BOAT HOUSE, 42, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

About Motoring

DOCTOR, HOSPITAL AND MOTOR ACCIDENT

WE have never been a particularly logical or imaginative nation, and we slipped up very badly indeed when after long years of inertia we at last framed a Road Traffic Act which was supposed to be super-modern. In the accident department of motoring there were three crying scandals in existence at the date when this Act was framed. The first was that innocent people were injured or killed in road accidents, and that in some cases no means of redress were available. The culprit might be driving a car valued at £1,000; but if he had expended all his capital on its purchase, the victim could get no compensation. The Road Traffic Act dealt with this scandal by its scheme of compulsory insurance. The remaining pair of scandals concerned medical attention to the victims of accidents. Every doctor who lives within reach of a danger point is accustomed to be called out at any hour of the day or night. Such calls in any case make demands on his time and skill, and usually imply expenditure for transport, drugs, dressings and instruments, whilst his clothing may be defiled by oil and blood. A physician of my acquaintance compulsorily ruined a fifteen guinea dress suit on such a call, and his modest fee remains

PHAROS EDITIONS

30 BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

The Powers of Light by Naomi Mitchison

Author of 'The Conquered,' 'The Corn King & The Spring Queen.'

'This story happened a long way back in time, some twenty thousand years ago. It is about people just coming into the edge of conscious life, but still deeply and at times completely part of the Group. Their story, as Mrs. Mitchison relates it, is shot through with poetry and an almost uncanny sense of the stirrings of the primitive mind. Mrs. Mitchison has provided a most delightful and astonishingly delicate glimpse of possible beginnings.'
Times Literary Supplement

With illustrations in colour by ERIC KENNINGTON **5s.**

To-morrow will be Different by Daniel George

A Narrative in Verse

'Heaven knows if what he writes is poetry, but heaven certainly knows that it is life.' HUMBERT WOLFE in the *Observer*. 'The free verse in which the poem is written is a flexible medium and perfectly adapted to his purpose. Mr. George has sustained and executed a difficult project very skilfully.'
Times Literary Supplement **6s.**

The Black Boxer, stories by H. E. Bates

'What a good writer Mr. H. E. Bates is! The *Black Boxer* contains eleven tales. They are beautiful things. It is a delightfully varied as well as a most gracious collection in which Mr. Bates is seen at his very best.'
RALPH STRAUS in the *Sunday Times* 2nd impression **7s. 6d.**

The French Husband by Kathleen Coyle

'This amusing, skilful and beautifully written story of a young American girl married to a Frenchman takes you entertainingly from France to America and back again.' *Evening News* **7s. 6d.**

White Thorn, a novel by Constance Sitwell

'It is one of the great love stories of contemporary fiction, and it seems to me to have achieved flawlessly what it set out to do.' HOWARD SPRING in the *Evening Standard* **6s.**

Awake, a novel by Susan Prior

A love story told with subtlety and emotional feeling. **5s.**

READY IN THE AUTUMN

Wedding Day and other stories by Kay Boyle

Author of 'Plagued by the Nightingale,' 'Year before Last'

All prices are net

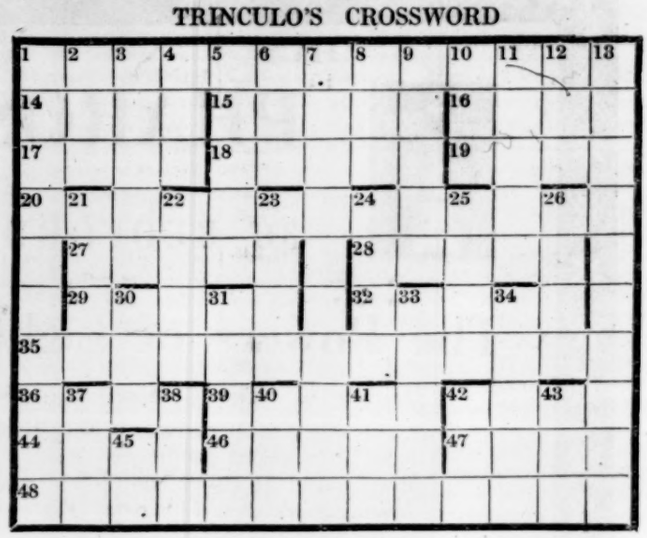
unpaid to this day. One or two doctors complain that 90 per cent. of the fees due to them for such tasks are never paid, though the average loss is not so great as this. Doctors enjoy fewer of the amenities of life than most men. In other professions we may lack adequate leisure, but at least what leisure we have is our own. The medical man enjoys no such security; and he deserves to be paid, perhaps to be paid double fees when strangers who do not figure on his books convulse his scanty leisure. Since the principle of compulsory insurance has already been incorporated into English law a very small addition to the Act would ensure that the doctor receives his due. The grievances of the hospitals are even more scandalous. They are built, operated and maintained by humane persons to alleviate the sufferings of the poorer members of the community when accident or disease overtakes them. We do not erect or subsidise them in order that they may cater for comparatively well-to-do people who have sustained accidental injuries through their own carelessness. No supporter of hospitals would grumble if they furnished free treatment to the labourer employed on a threshing machine, who has bought an antique motor cycle for £5 in order to follow the engine on its meanderings from farm to farm. But it is not fair that subscribers' money should be spent on the treatment of a man who can afford to buy quite a good-sized car, and who hits a wall because he was not quite sober at the wheel on a Saturday night. Here again a small addition to the Road Act would extend the principle of compulsory insurance to include payment for hospital treatment of the driver, of his passengers, and of any other road users who might be injured through the fault of the driver.

There would probably be a moderate outcry from the motor industry if the already heavy burden of compulsory insurance were increased by the premium additions necessitated through such extended cover. It is beyond question that the sale of motor vehicles is reduced and impeded by the heavy cost of tax—greater in this country than anywhere else in the world; and that sales are further obstructed by the high cost of the compulsory insurance policy. But these reforms do not turn on any point of economy. It is no matter of increasing our expenditure, or of keeping it stationary. The doctor must in any case give his time, his skill, his drugs, his dressings; use his instruments; and drive his car to the scene of the crash. The hospital cannot close its doors on the stretcher containing a bandaged and blood-stained victim because there is some doubt whether the victim or his injurer will foot the bill. All these attentions are inevitable. The point at issue is merely who is going to pay. And when we discuss the incidence of these expenses there is no question that the motorist ought to pay. He may say that he cannot afford to motor if two or three pounds per annum are to be added to the premium of his insurance policy. He might as well protest that he cannot afford to motor unless a generous State or some kindly charity provides him with free petrol. The contingent expenses of his motoring are his affair, rather than the affair of humane professional men or the affair of organised charities. He should cover them, or abandon a hobby which he cannot afford. In any case his excuse is a lie. There are probably not a hundred motor-car owners in the country who would be deterred from their hobby by the slight increase in insurance premiums involved in such slight additions to the law. It is true that some motor-cyclists budget very near the bone. Some of them are working men with jobs under travelling contractors, and they find a tenth-hand motor-bicycle essential to existence. Others are young lads on exiguous wages, who possibly lay their machines up for the six winter months because they cannot afford the full annual tax, and who occasionally cease riding for a few weeks because a fine or the purchase of a new tyre has rendered them temporarily incapable of buying petrol. These hard cases will be differently viewed by different people. Some will think that people who motor on so narrow a margin should not motor at all. More democratic nations than ours go out of their way to encourage impecunious citizens to ride motor-cycles, and free small, light machines of all taxation; presumably they increase their imposts on wealthier motorists, and make the rich contribute to the motoring costs of the poor.

The complaints of both the medical profession and the hospitals are becoming really clamorous, and are supported by indisputable facts. They prove that many people motor without imagination or decency. They are prepared to spend their small surplus on the reckless enjoyment of an expensive hobby without thought for others. This callousness should be prevented by law. The position of our hospitals is already precarious and the suggestions made here would offer some small alleviation to the intolerable burden of hospital treasurers. R. E. DAVIDSON.

Playtime

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



PATTERNED

ACROSS.

1, 16. Attitude of mind which the Vicar of Bray perhaps carried to excess.
14*rev.* Romulus's foster uncles?
15. The dark waters are disturbed.
16. See 1 *ac*:
17. Agent of a master-mind.
18*rev.* To make our bids we must get them to bring the eats.
19. Difficult.
20. Time flies? I'm the sort of expert you want.
27. Woman is as variable as my shade.
28. Quoodle deplored the lack of them.
29. Sweet, rag us when I return.
32*rev.* Appear in the north.
35. He might help with the more difficult clues.
36*rev.* Knocked about with Ted.
39*rev.* Offspring.
42*rev.* Superficially essential.
44. My occupation ceased some years ago.
46. Unexpected return of a great actor.
47. To extra doesn't alter my meaning.
48. Counterpoise.

DOWN.

1. Some writings are; some aren't.
2. I and my gee are a long way off.
3. Thin.
4. The sort of phrase "beautified Ophelia" is.
5. My plural flows.
6. What is wanting with the age that follows.
7. With a deviation.
8. —999.
9. Be off, Edward; I come back in Yorkshire.
10. Whatever.
11. A blend of Oryzas.
12*rev.* Oriental with a tie.
13. Improve; spout at the finish.
21. Say Beau.
22. Confusion in the secret police.
23. The nursery cow had this.
24*rev.* Pride of the silver state.
25. Foreshortened view.
26. Look for me in a basket.
30. M. Herriot's nail turns up headless.
31*rev.* Best spent in Hungary.
33. Suggests a wakeful night.
34. Masterman muddled.
37*rev.* There'll be plenty of us with rum.
38. Look for the last in the Rue de la Paix.
40. Found in a large intestine.
41. Fishy.
42*rev.* Big guns here.
43. I'm dangerous when dry.
45. A good start towards a century.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1. secondariness. 12. exoteric. 14. venue. 15. possessions. 18. e'er. 19. Isa(bel) = "as I" *rev.* 21. S.E. 22. spurt *rev.* 23. firs(t) *rev.* 24. Ludd *rev.* 25. adieu. 26. sienna. 29. answer *rev.* 33. lenw (wine). 34. spre(ad) *rev.* 35. soul (souls). 36. onto(logy). 37. legal. 39. rr (rarissime). 40. ii. 41. carapace. 42. soul *rev.* 43. self-confident.

DOWN.—1. secessions. 2. experience. 3, 4. eo-nes. 5. dread. 6. Prussia *rev* 7. R.C. 8. neord (drone). 9. ennui. 10. suspension. 11. sensualist. 13. fist *rev* 14. vita. 16. oriental. 17. sel. 20. calends *rev.* 27. frown *rev.* 28. opera *rev.* 29 rsacf (scarf). 30. else *rev.* 31. world. 32. Eurus *rev.* 38. Nag *rev.*

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

No. 3.—AT THE BROWNS' PARTY

At the Browns' party five married couples sat at dinner. There were, in addition to the host and hostess: Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, and Mr. and Mrs. White.

No husband sat next to his wife. Brown sat next but one to Mrs. Jones. Mrs. White sat next to her sister. Robinson sat between two ladies; so did Smith. White sat next but one to Jones. Jones sat on the left of his father-in-law. Three of the ladies each sat between two men. Mrs. Robinson sat next but two to her husband. Mrs. White sat next but two to Mrs. Smith.

Starting with Brown, arrange the ten diners clock-wise round the table.

Problem No. 1—HATS

On the assumption that the five sons had respectively 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6 hats, DONALD was the wearer of the bowler. There is, however, a "cook": if Percy is allowed 15 or 30 hats (!) there is clearly a second solution. It would thus have improved the problem if I had explicitly excluded this possibility.

I have had some amusing letters; among them a "complete gentleman's wardrobe" of 15 hats; a number of references to Mr. Churchill; the suggestion that "a cap" is not "a hat"; and several requests for information as to the "sixth hat Ernest wore." Alas! I have only the data which the "curious neighbour" supplied.

Names of prize-winners next week. CALIBAN.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. DIRTY WORK. Wed. & Fri.

H'DROME. OUT OF THE BOTTLE. W., Th., Sat.

QUEEN'S. EVENSONG. Wed., Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tues., Fri., 2.45.
THE PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT.

OPERA

ST. MARTIN'S. Temple Bar 1443 & 1444.
Evenings at 8.45. Mats., Tues. and Fri., 2.45.
A New Comic Opera.
THE PRIDE OF THE REGIMENT
or Cashiered for his Country.
"MOST ORIGINAL, REFRESHING, AMUSING, SPONTANEOUS."—*Punch.*
"EXQUISITELY FUNNY EVENING."
—*Daily Sketch.*
Summer Prices: 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. (tax incl.)

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404.
Nightly, 8.30. Mats., Wed., Fri., 2.30.
RALPH LYNN in
DIRTY WORK.

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.15.
Sir Oswald Stoll presents
ERIK CHARELL'S
CASANOVA.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Evgs., 8.30.
W., Th. & S., 2.30. Julian Wylie's New Musical Comedy,
OUT OF THE BOTTLE.
Clifford Mollison, Polly Walker, Frances Day.

QUEEN'S. (Ger. 4517.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
BARRY JACKSON presents:
EVENSONG.
By Edward Knoblock and Beverley Nichols.
EDITH EVANS.
VIOLET VANBRUGH. WILFRID LAWSON.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY, Oxford St. (Opp. Warings). Ger. 2981.
Second Week,
L. S. Trauberg's Russian Talkie,
ALONE.
Also Joris Ivens' *RADIO.*

CAMBRIDGE. Cambridge Circus. Tem. Bar 6036.
Continuous 2—11. Sun. 6—11. Third Week.
Richard Oswald's Brilliant German Comedy,
DER HAUPTMANN von KOEPENICK
Also *THE BATTLE OF LIFE* (Russian).

EMPIRE, Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
EDWARD G. ROBINSON
in *TWO SECONDS.*
Also LAUREL & HARDY in *THE MUSIC BOX.*

CONCERTS

QUEEN'S HALL.
Sole Lessees—Chappell & Co., Ltd.,
PROMENADE CONCERTS.
NIGHTLY, at 8.
SIR HENRY WOOD.
THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
FULL PROGRAMMES NOW READY.
2s. to 7s. 6d. Season ticket 37s. 6d. Agents, Hall.

FESTIVALS

MALVERN FESTIVAL. August 1 to 20.
FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF ENGLISH DRAMA.
Apply The Theatre, Malvern, or Malvern Festival Offices, Panton House, 25, Haymarket, S.W.1. (Whitehall 3670).

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

HAMPSTEAD. Charming rooms. Furnished or unfurnished, in spacious, quiet house. Garden. Rent 12s. 6d.-25s.—22, Belsize Avenue. Phm. 1043.

CHELSEA. Furnished Flat, sitting room, two simple bedrooms, kitchen, bath, telephone. Restaurant in building. 'Phone: FLAXMAN, 3339. Write, Box 215, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

LITERARY

LEARN to write Articles and Stories, make spare hours profitable. Booklet free.—REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191), 9 Palace Gate, W.8.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs:

One Year	post free	.. .. ..	30s. 0d.
Six Months	,, ,,	.. .. ..	15s. 0d.
Three Months	,, ,,	.. .. ..	7s. 6d.

THE MANAGER, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
10 GREAT QUEEN ST., KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

The Tobacco men always like.

PLAYER'S

NAVY MIXTURE or NAVY CUT TOBACCO

N.C.T. 98

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d. 1s. 2s. & 4s.

INDEED A STRANGE LAND!

They stand bewildered. But soon you will see little but their heels. And merry shouts and laughter will re-echo joyously (if discordantly) to Nature's own accompaniment.

Just such a picture The Church Army could create for YOU—slum-dwellers revelling in the health-giving atmosphere of countryside or sea.

A few shillings would help—but . . . . .

£5 gives a poor slum mother and 3 children a glorious fortnight by the sea.

£1 1 0 will give one week's restful holiday to poor mother with baby.

Gifts, larger or smaller, welcomed by Preb. CARLILE, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Sec., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY

FRESH AIR HOMES

PERIODICAL ROOM